

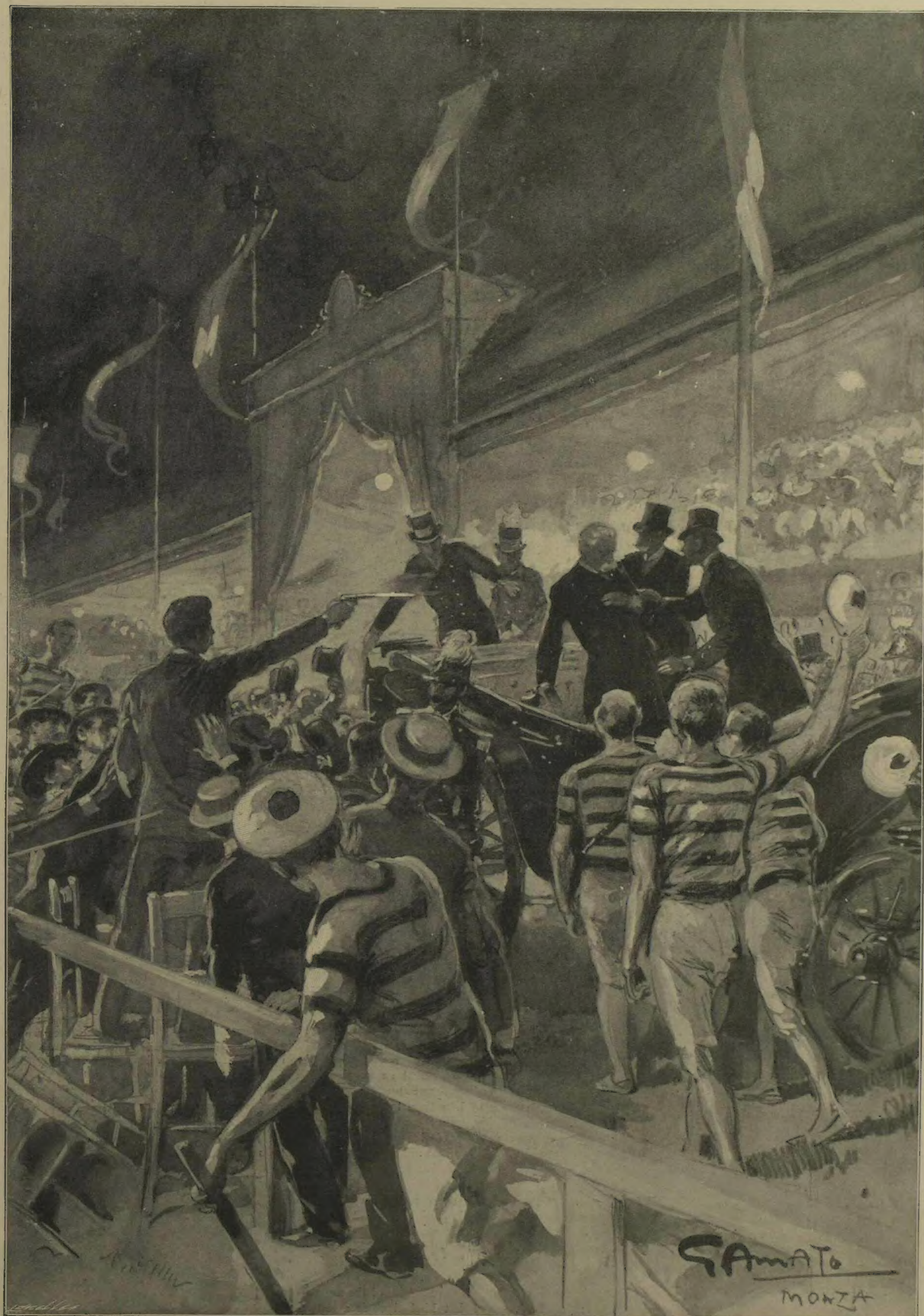
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.



THE ASSASSINATION OF THE KING OF ITALY: THE SCENE IN THE ATHLETIC GROUND AT MONZA.

Drawn by G. d'Amato.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I have read some strange things about acting; but they pale before Mr. Arthur Symonds' interpretation of Eleonora Duse in the *Contemporary Review*. The fundamental characteristic of that great artist is, it appears, her rejection of her art. She thinks it would be best for all players that they should die of some rapid and virulent disease, together with all the occupants of the stalls and boxes, who go to the play to digest their dinner. "We should return to the Greeks," says Duse; "play in the open air." Even then digestion would interfere, unless we did our playing before breakfast. But the open air does not satisfy Signora Duse. "The one happiness is to shut one's door upon a little room, with a table before one, and to create; to create life in that isolation from life." The table seems superfluous to this ecstasy, and I fear the wall-paper, however carefully chosen, would prove harassing. Mr. Symonds, who reports these and similar sayings of Duse's, thinks they are emblematic of a soul detached from all gross externals, and especially from that conventional system of "dramatised oratory" that the world calls acting. Duse never acts in the common sense except when her thoughts are far away from her part, and it becomes for her "a mere piece of contemptuous mechanism." When it is worth her while to think about the part, she expresses emotion by "a pained reflection of it glimmering out of her eyes, and trembling among the hollows of her cheeks."

Anyone who had never seen Duse might infer from this that she is a dumb actress. To Mr. Symonds the true art of acting is voiceless; it is a "glimmering" and a "trembling," and it has nothing to do with the words that the dramatist has provided for the exposition of the character. "She sits there quietly beside the table, listening and saying nothing," says Mr. Symonds of one of Duse's supreme moments. That indispensable but mystical table! It is not "a mere piece of contemptuous mechanism" (an ordinary critic would have written "contemptible," but Mr. Symonds's diction is full of original meanings) like the play. Mr. Symonds admires chiefly in this actress "the sculpture of the soul upon the body," and "the melancholy wisdom which remains in her face after the passions have swept over it." If this were the whole art of acting, Signora Duse might dispense with the dramatic author, and after creating life in that "little room" with the table, emerge upon the stage to exhibit the melancholy wisdom and the sculptured soul to that digestive apparatus that calls itself a playgoer.

I have not the honour of knowing this lady in the privacy where "her intent eyes see nothing but the ideas behind one's forehead." Mr. Symonds has enjoyed this experience, and gives an interesting account of it; but it has confused his notions as to the proper function of the drama. Hamlet understood the theory and practice of acting, and his instructions to the players are classic. They deal mainly with the word and the action, which are dismissed by Mr. Symonds as immaterial. You cannot play Shakspeare in dumb show, however wise and melancholy. When Hamlet figures to himself what would be made of his own motive and cue for passion by his friend the player, he does not picture that interpreter plunged in silent thought, but as cleaving the general ear with horrid speech. Speech, to Mr. Symonds, is "external, rhetorical art," and action is "an interruption of an intense inner life." Then why write articles? Why not keep these ideas behind one's forehead, to be discerned by "eyes opening wider and wider, until one sees an entire ruin of white about the great brown pupils"? There is a gentleman in Ibsen who refreshes his spirit by wandering in the "great waste spaces" (Ibsen, by the way, is no more to Duse than "this room where we are sitting, with all the tables and chairs"—a judgment which shows that not every table has a special exaltation for the lonely and creative mind of an actress who detests her calling); but how much more stimulating is the privilege of gazing into the "great brown pupils"!

If acting were really no more than "an interruption of an intense inner life," the obvious policy would be to remain in that little room with the door shut, and never open it. The only pardonable interruptions would be meals and bed-time. But when Mr. Symonds has a little more prosaic contact with life, he may suspect that one trick of feminine genius is rehearsal before an impressionable visitor. This is not meant as a slur upon so sincere and rare a spirit as Signora Duse has disclosed to us; but the rarest woman has her artistic weaknesses, and if she find a votary prepared to take all her morbid imaginings as "melancholy wisdom," she will play to this too appreciative gallery. If Duse could "return to the Greeks" in this mood, she would find them less sympathetic than Mr. Symonds; nor would her "intense inner life" find much satisfaction in the eminently sane atmosphere of Shakspeare's women.

Can no penetrating observer reveal to us the inner mind of the inventive genius who provides the music-halls

with novel instruments of harmony? At the Palace Theatre two gentlemen perform a duet on two pairs of stairs. They rush together with the apparent intention of knocking their heads when they meet on a landing, which has two short flights of steps on each side; but instead of that, they dance on the steps, and produce a ravishing melody. I should like to know whether the maker of musical staircases takes a despondent view of life; whether he has apprehensions about the limits of his ingenuity, as so many of us have apprehensions about the duration of the coal supply in this island; whether he thinks that the art of music would be advanced if the composers of operas, first violins, and other conventional musicians were destroyed by a plague. I trust that no unappeasable discontent will turn him from his present line of business until he has converted slamming doors into harps, and given to carpenters' hammers on the London scaffolds the sweetness of an angelic choir.

It is my custom of an early morning to pass the Adelphi Theatre about two o'clock on my way from the toil of the leader-writer in Fleet Street. The Adelphi, even when it is closed, has the comforting quality of an ancient memory. It was the first London playhouse I ever visited without a parent or guardian, and I remember fondly the immense sense of emancipation with which I sat in the pit and saw some sterling melodrama that disclosed a fearful and fascinating iniquity that surrounds a racehorse. The villain tried to "noble" the favourite for the Derby; but he was foiled, and the favourite, carrying the hero's fortunes, won an exciting race by a head. The struggle was represented by card-board figures in the distance, and seemed just as wonderful to me as the lifelike representations of the American biograph must be to the youth who is not sophisticated by too early an intimacy with the secrets of science.

But what did I observe at the door of the Adelphi the other morning? Nothing less than an advertisement that the theatre would "Reopen in September with a farcical comedy"! Farcical comedy at the old Adelphi, the home of melodrama, still echoing with the heroine's indignant virtue that bids the villain to "unhand" her, and the domestic pride with which she affirms the great moral maxim that "a wife's place is by her husband's side"! I have noticed, with pain, that of late years the Adelphi drama has drooped. Perhaps the playgoer has so much domestic virtue in his "intense inner life" that he craves for a frivolous distraction in the theatre. Perhaps he has succumbed to the fatal influence of dinner. We never cared about dinner in the old Adelphi times, but reserved our appetites for beef-steak and stout after the play. Nowadays the play is an adjunct to the *menu* at the restaurant. It is a kind of savoury with a good deal of red pepper. Red pepper at the Adelphi! As well put whisky in the cradle!

Of all the souls that were tormented in our recent spell of heat, I have most sympathy with one that is revealed in an "agony column." He has been pacing a certain walk near Mortlake for weeks, vainly waiting for Beatrice. He has advertised appointments, and she has not responded. Perhaps she thought the weather too hot for Mortlake; perhaps she has been kept under lock and key by a stern parent or guardian. I figure the faithful and disconsolate pilgrim keeping his one-sided appointment, braving the temperature at a hundred and something in the sun. I hope he protected his head with an umbrella, but sadly fear that he was too much preoccupied to think of that useful shade. Where wert thou, Beatrice, when this melting image of patience on the Mortlake road cultivated a green and yellow melancholy? The most distressing part of the story is that other Beatrices offered consolation, either by delusive messages in the "agony column," or by embarrassing apparitions on the Mortlake road. I don't say this was done with deceitful intent, and that any young woman would be so heartless as to present herself near Mortlake to a hollow-eyed pedestrian, and say archly, "Don't you recognise your Trixie?" In such an incredible case, he would, of course, reply with dignity, "My Beatrice is not a Trixie!" And when you come to consider it, Dante's Beatrice could, in no circumstances, have been mistaken for Trixie.

No, I dare swear that the Beatrices who went to Mortlake were earnest seekers for loves they had lost in the infinite eddies of life, and that as they passed the unfortunate gentleman, whom they naturally did not know, they thought no more of him than he of them. It was like a promenade of phantoms, the unsubstantial pageant of a dream, extremely personable ladies, and one love-lorn swain who remained unconscious alike of their quest and their existence. But now this disclosure has been publicly made, let us hope that the real Beatrice will be prompted by jealousy to hasten to the scene, unless she be imprisoned somewhere and denied access to the daily papers. If she be not visible within a month, I should advise the adorer to consider the other Beatrices with a critical and appraising eye, and then to make a choice that may solace two yearning bosoms. True, he has pledged himself to eternal fidelity to the Beatrice of the mysterious silence; but for vows of that kind there is a statute of limitations.

THE MILITARY SITUATION
IN CHINA AND SOUTH AFRICA.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

The advance of the Allied forces on Peking appears to have commenced on Aug. 4, but at the time of writing no authentic details are available either of the constitution of this small army—for it cannot in any case be a really large one—or of its initial movements. From a collation of the various despatches received it would seem that between 15,000 and 20,000 troops have started towards the capital, of whom some 3000 may have been British. The latter would be the first British brigade, under General Sir Norman Stewart, consisting of the 1st Bengal Lancers, 7th Bengal Infantry, 1st Sikhs, detachments of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, 24th Punjab Infantry, and Hong-Kong Regiment, together with a field battery and four naval 12-pounders, three of them manned by bluejackets.

It has been reported that on Sunday last the Allied forces came into serious collision with the Chinese at Pei-tang, which lies on the Pei-ho about ten miles north-west of Tientsin. The Russians reconnected the Chinese position on July 29, and estimated the enemy's strength at 8000. If, however, the unofficial report of the battle at Pei-tang is in any way accurate, the Chinese camp must have since been largely reinforced. The statement that about 16,000 Allies were engaged, and that the casualties—chiefly Russians and Japanese—amounted to 400, indicates either an immensely strong position or a much more serious resistance than could be offered by 8000 Chinese. Putting this uncertainty aside, the report seems trustworthy, and as the Chinese are said to have retreated, the result of this first step in the direction of Peking may be regarded as satisfactory, though decidedly costly.

At Shanghai there is considerable apprehension of local disturbance, and the fact that the Chinese are evidently fortifying the Yangtse is not reassuring. There is, however, a large number of foreign war-ships in the vicinity, including, it is said, fourteen British, and Admiral Seymour has just returned from a visit to Nanking, where his presence probably exercised considerable influence.

The Russian campaign in Manchuria is being carried on with vigour, and, apparently, consistent success. But the Chinese resistance has more than once been extremely stubborn, and it is said that, judging from their shells, their guns are of the latest pattern. Here, as in the neighbourhood of Tientsin, only the fringe of a great trouble has been touched, and it is too much to hope that a few early victories will produce immediate or far-spread results. On every side the indications of comprehensive disturbance are too marked to justify any very hopeful view of a subsidence of anti-foreign hostility for months to come.

Evidently the British Government regards its military responsibilities in this connection with increased seriousness, two other Indian brigades having been placed under orders for China, in one of which is included a number of the Imperial Service troops, maintained, under Lord Dufferin's scheme, by the native Princes, theoretically for home defence, but of late years loyally offered by them for service anywhere.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The news from South Africa during the past week has not been of a very dramatic character, but on the whole it may be regarded as satisfactory. The interest has been largely centred in the surrenders to General Hunter following the enclosure of Prinsloo in the hills round Bethlehem. The number of prisoners originally captured has been largely swollen, until it seems likely that out of the 5000 or 6000 Boers who sought to make a stand in the Caledon Valley nearly all will have given themselves up. It is said that this *débâcle* has profoundly impressed the Basutos, whose attitude throughout the operations has been most gratifying. Together with the 4000 prisoners now reported there are nine captured guns. Much of the credit of the surrender is due to General Rundle, whose admirable dispositions prevented any escape of the Boers to the south. To the north there has been a slight leakage, Commandant Olivier, with five guns and about 1500 followers, having got away towards Harrismith. He is, however, being pursued by Rundle, and will, doubtless, be brought to book at any early date by that skilful commander.

General Christian de Wet has been reported dead from a shell-wound, but the rumour has not been confirmed. Lord Kitchener has been sent down to the Rhenoster to direct the operations against him, and in a telegram from Pretoria, dated Sunday last, is said to have narrowed the circle round the Boers near Reitzburg by driving them from one of their flank positions and occupying it against them.

It is evident that some rather disquieting developments have taken place in the Transvaal to the west of Pretoria, where General Baden-Powell has been in command, with Rustenburg as his headquarters. After being "relieved" some time back by Methuen, "B.-P." appears to have been again somewhat hard pressed, since Lord Roberts has found it expedient to recall General Ian Hamilton from the line of advance to the east, and to despatch him to the Rustenburg district. By the latest accounts Ian Hamilton, who had with him Mahon's and Pilcher's Mounted Infantry, "M" Battery, R.H.A., the King's Own Scottish Borderers, the Royal Berkshires, Borders, and Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was making excellent progress, and had captured all the defensive positions in the Magaliesberg range, which runs across the Rustenburg-Pretoria road.

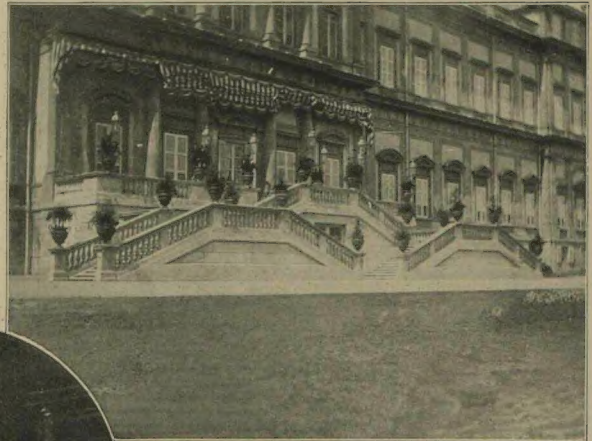
There is no news at the time of writing of any advance eastwards from Pretoria beyond Middleburg, the occupation of which was recorded last week. But it is quite possible that General French's cavalry may have pressed forward for some considerable distance towards the Krugerian head-quarters. Undoubtedly the Boers under Botha are watching this final advance most carefully, with a view to dashing northward at the last moment.

The rough-and-ready shifts of the correspondent on the march find amusing portrayal in our page of photographs taken on the way to Pretoria.

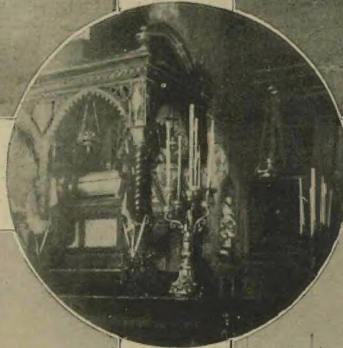
THE ASSASSINATION OF THE KING OF ITALY.



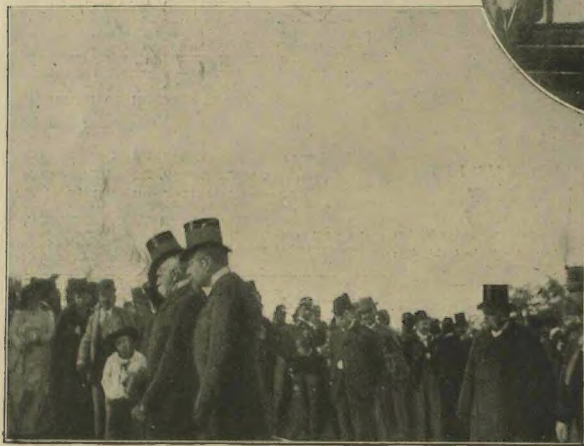
THE PAVILION FOR THE ATHLETIC MEETING AT MONZA.
The crowd is standing almost exactly on the spot where the King was murdered.



THE STEPS OF THE PALACE AT MONZA UP WHICH THE KING'S BODY WAS TAKEN.



CATAFALQUE
BEFORE
WHICH
MASS WAS
CELEBRATED
IN MONZA
CATHEDRAL.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE KING ON THE GROUNDS OF THE ATHLETIC SOCIETY.



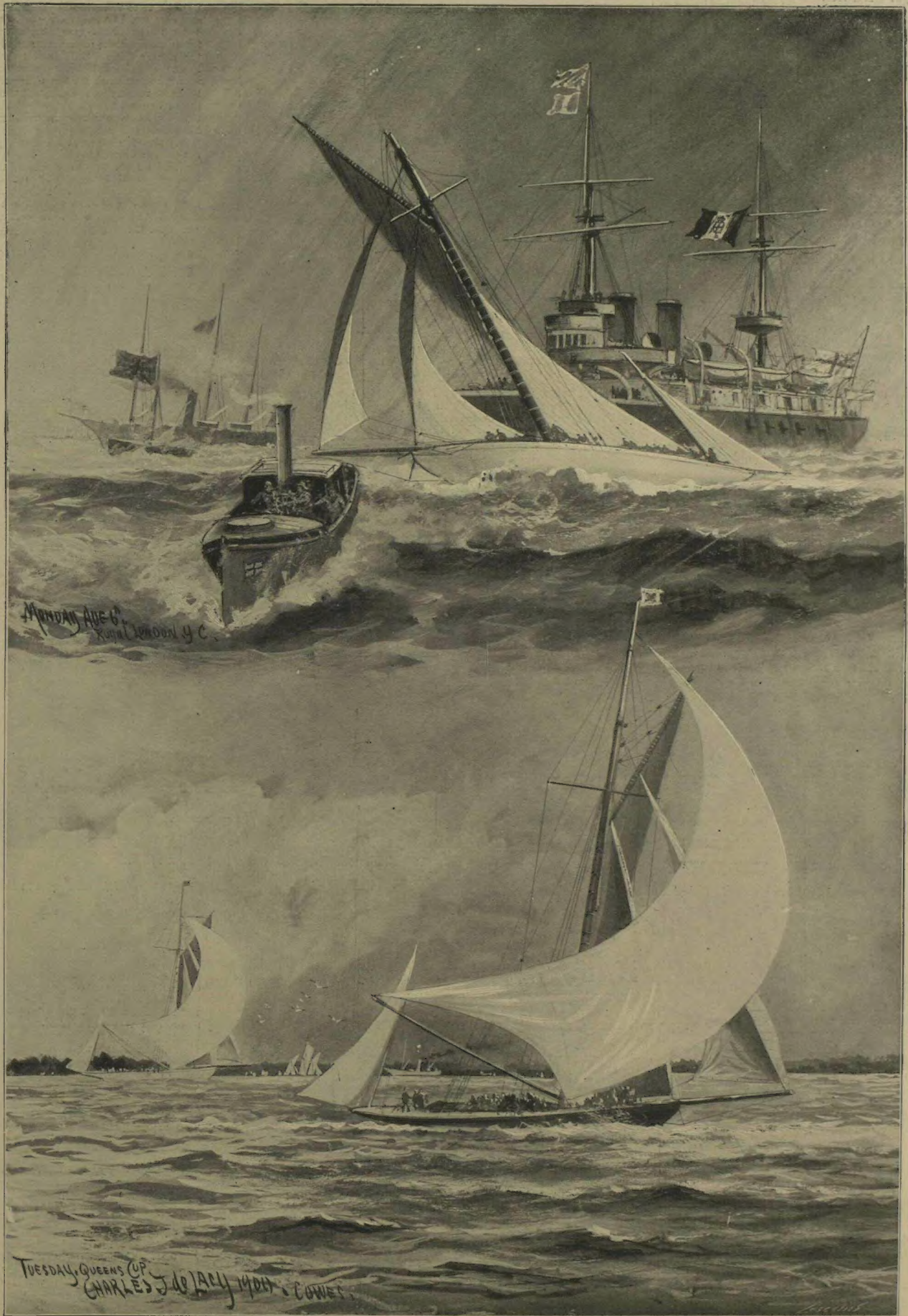
PARADE OF ATHLETES SHORTLY BEFORE THE KING ARRIVED TO PRESENT THE PRIZES.



THE NEW KING OF ITALY'S ARRIVAL AT MONZA: HIS MAJESTY LEAVING THE RAILWAY STATION.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Signor Pusini.

T H E C O W E S R E G A T T A .



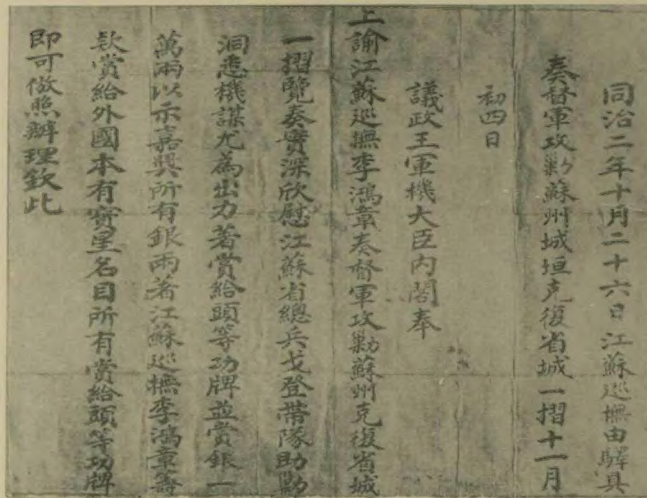
THE FIRST ROUND FOR THE QUEEN'S CUP: THE "SYBARITA" FINISHING (UPPER-ILLUSTRATION), "METEOR" AND "SATANITA" WITH SPINNAKERS SET (LOWER ILLUSTRATION).

The Queen's Cup Race was completed on August 7, the victor being Sir Maurice Fitzgerald's "Satanita," which beat the German Emperor's "Meteor" on her time allowance.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

THE DUKE OF COBURG'S FUNERAL.

The funeral of the Duke of Coburg took place in his own capital on Saturday morning. In the first rank of the melancholy procession to the grave the German Emperor walked between Duke Charles Edward and his Prince Regent. The Prince of Wales followed, supported on either side by the Grand Duke of Hesse and Prince Ferdinand of Roumania. Behind were the Duke of York, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Arthur of Connaught. A crowd of Princes came after, and then the delegates of foreign Courts, including the British Minister, Sir Condie Stephen, who was there to represent three sisters of the dead Duke, Princess Christian, Princess Louise, and Princess Henry of Battenberg. In the church of St. Moritz, Dr. Hansen, the Chief Court Chaplain, stood in front of the High Altar, surrounded by a large company of the clergy, who included also the Duchess's chaplains, priests of the Russian rite. The space in front of the coffin was filled with hundreds of wreaths. The Queen's, arranged in a scheme of red, white, and blue—geraniums, stock, and heliotrope—bore the inscription, "From his sorrowing Mother." The Court Chaplain preached; a hymn was sung; a salute was fired by the troops in the Castle square; and the obsequies were done. Slowly the mourners defiled back to the Castle, where Duke Charles Edward held a reception in the Throne Room, and afterwards presided at a luncheon in the Reissensaal. The German Emperor, who sat on one side of his cousin, the new Duke, while the Prince



A REMINISCENCE OF CHINESE GORDON.

Imperial Decree of the Emperor of China conferring on General (then Major) Gordon, in command of the Ever Victorious Army, an order of merit of the first rank and a gift of 10,000 taels of silver for his services in the capture of Soochow from the Taiping rebels in 1863.

shelter of some motor-cars and leaped on to the step of the carriage, knocking down a cyclist-policeman as he did so. He at once levelled a revolver at the Shah's breast, but before he had time to pull the trigger the Grand Vizier, Amius-Sultan, had caught him by the wrist. The Shah himself then seized the man's arm,

struck by lightning. A pinnacle fell from the summit, a height of nearly three hundred feet, through the leaden roofing, almost immediately above the font. A scene of great confusion followed, but, fortunately, no one was injured. The clergy remained in their places, and at last restored order. Of our Illustrations, one shows the hole made

THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES.

If little attempt has been made to chronicle the movements of the Fleets in the manoeuvres, the reason is not far to seek. None but experts with the "A" Fleet or the "B" would care to venture an opinion, which in any case could be only an *ex-parte* opinion. When the two fleets came in contact for the first time since the manoeuvres had begun, ten days earlier, "B," it was noted, had his full complement of ships, whereas "A" was short by two; for the *Conqueror*, belying its name, and finding itself unable to steam against the heavy sea on the day before, had gone into harbour at Queens-town, in company with the *Edinburgh*. "A," therefore, being unable to fight an action, was obliged to retire. The moral to be drawn from these manoeuvres may be best expressed from "A's" standpoint, by saying that Admiral Rawson was not wholly unfortunate, since at the end of ten days he still commanded "a fleet in being."

THE ACCIDENT TO BOSTON STUMP.

On Sunday evening last a severe thunder-storm broke over Boston, Lincolnshire, and did considerable damage. The congregation of St. Botolph's Church was standing while the Dead March in "Saul" was being played, in honour of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg, when the tower was struck by lightning. A pinnacle fell from the summit, a height of nearly three hundred feet, through the leaden roofing, almost immediately above the font. A scene of great confusion followed, but, fortunately, no one was injured. The clergy remained in their places, and at last restored order. Of our Illustrations, one shows the hole made



THE ROOF OF BOSTON CHURCH WHERE THE PINNACLE PASSED THROUGH.



BOSTON CHURCH: THE REMAINS OF FALLEN PINNACLE ON THE PAVEMENT.

of Wales sat on the other, left Coburg early in the afternoon, the Prince of Wales and Duke of York remaining till Sunday evening.

THE KING OF ITALY.

Throughout a week crowded with grief and duties the third King of Italy has preserved the dignity that was his father's. From the time of his arrival at Monza, in company with the Queen, on the evening of Aug. 1, to the day of his father's funeral, he has answered to every call made upon him, and has borne himself under enormous strain with fortitude, gentleness, and tact. In regard to the late King's funeral, the practical agreement reached between the Vatican and the Quirinal was that the body of the King should be met on Thursday at the station and escorted by all the clergy of the parish to the Pantheon.

A special interest now attaches to the last acts of King Humbert's life, one of which was to bid good-bye to the contingent that left Naples for China under the command of Colonel Garibaldi. His Majesty's words of good counsel to the troops, whom he advised so to comport themselves as to give their European comrades a high sense of the moral elevation of Italy, have already been remarked.

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE SHAH

The dastardly attempt to assassinate the Shah was made at nine o'clock in the morning on Aug. 2, just as his Majesty was leaving the Palace of Sovereigns to drive to Sevres and Versailles. His carriage had gone barely twenty yards from the gate when François Salson, a pastry-cook, sprang from the

and between them they caused him to drop his weapon. The next moment he was arrested. Salson, it is said, had an idea that his weapon would act more surely if he filed the hammer to a point. A pointed hammer, however, will not explode a cartridge, and this fact probably saved the Shah's life. The assailant is said to come of a family whose history shows insanity. His Majesty's visit to France is said to have been a godsend to Parisian shopkeepers.

through the roof by the mass of fallen masonry; the other the wreckage on the floor of the church. Thirteen years ago the tower, then used as a lighthouse, was similarly struck.

SCENES IN CHINA.

The European settlement of Tientsin was planned by General Gordon, to whose memory a very fine Town Hall has been erected, which is now serving the purpose of protecting the women and children from the bombardment. The houses are of brick and stone, and very substantial. The native town adjoins the foreign concessions. Our view of the Bund, with the United States gun-boat *Palos* frozen in, gives a fair idea of winter at Tientsin. Observe the "peidzas," or sleighs, which are used to convey passengers from bank to bank, propelled by a coolie, who stands at the stern, and, with the aid of an iron-pointed pole, pushes the sleigh over the ice. There are usually two or three foreign gun-boats wintered at the Bund for the protection of foreigners. Our picture of Victoria Road, Tientsin, gives a fair estimate of the value the Chinaman places upon oiled paper, used not only for windows but for the building of houses, which are merely stiff, oiled paper drawn over a bamboo framework. The procession of mandarin-boats is a familiar spectacle. In our illustration the boats are passing the forts above Tientsin, whence the guns command the whole of the city.

The scenery on the Yangtse River is not to be surpassed in beauty; and it will be observed that the Chinese mix their coal-dust with earth or clay somewhat in the same manner as "bricks" of coal are made in Wales. They have done this for hundreds, if not thousands of years, whereas in this country it is scarcely a quarter of a century since coal-dust was first turned into a marketable commodity.



Photo. Bianchi.

THE IRON CROWN OF LOMBARDY, PRESERVED IN THE CATHEDRAL AT MONZA, AND PLACED ON THE COFFIN OF KING HUMBERT.

The inner circle of iron is said to have been forged from one of the nails of the True Cross, and was given by the Empress Helena to her son Constantine. Napoleon I. placed the crown on his head, saying, "God has given it to me; let him beware who would touch it."

PERSONAL.

The Shah has decided not to visit England, owing to the bereavement sustained by our royal family in the death of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. It has been suggested that the Shah is deterred by the attempt on his life, but that is manifestly inaccurate. He is so little moved by that incident that he proposes to spend some time at a Continental watering-place, where he will be no more secure than in Paris.

The Corporation of the City of London has decided to commemorate the civic patriotism that has resulted in promptly raising and sending to the seat of war in South Africa a battalion of upwards of 1550 strong of the City of London Imperial Volunteers, by striking a special medal. The work of designing the medal has been entrusted to Mr. George Frampton, A.R.A.

The Earl of Clarendon, who succeeds the Earl of Hopton as Lord Chamberlain, was born in London in 1846, and succeeded his father, a statesman of some ability, in 1870. By that time he was already known as a rising man who had done well at Harrow and better at Cambridge, and who, after contesting South Warwickshire unsuccessfully, had taken his seat in the Commons for Brecon when his call came to the House of Lords. Lord Clarendon, who is the owner of Vandykes, and of a famous ruin—Kenilworth Castle—has done preliminary service already as an Aide-de-Camp and Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen. He has been Lord Lieutenant of Hertfordshire since 1892, and is a Colonel of the county's Yeomanry Cavalry. Lord Clarendon married in 1876 Caroline, eldest daughter of the third Earl of Normanton, but was left a widower in 1894.

It is announced that the office of President of the Hertfordshire Art Society, rendered vacant by the death of the Marchioness of Salisbury, has been accepted by Lady Gwendolen Cecil.

The addition of the name of Mr. Joseph Farquharson to the roll of the Associates of the Royal Academy has for some time been a foregone conclusion. In him Mr. Henry Tuke had a formidable competitor a few months ago; and when another selection had to be made the Scottish conning-fing at Burlington House had no difficulty in carrying their own man. The new Associate was born at Perthshire, was educated in Edinburgh, and removed to London sixteen years ago. Though not a painter of "the Cornish school," Mr.

Farquharson has an eye for the beauties of that coast, and a great deal of his most admired work has been done in the neighbourhood of Land's End.

Last Sunday King Alexander of Serbia married Madame Maschin, whose name has an appropriate synonym in English slang. Straightway blessings have fallen in a shower on his country. His new Ministry is composed of disinterested politicians, who represent all shades of opinion and satisfy everybody. The Czar has blessed the wedded couple, and thus reconciled to King Alexander the Radicals of his dominions, who, by a freak of Serbian humour, are Russophiles. Austria is conciliatory. In short, such a pacifying bridal has seldom been seen. The only cloud is raised by the *Times*, which describes the new Queen as the "matronly bride" of a very youthful monarch. Heaven send that she will not take offence at this, and order her doting husband to declare war against England! That would be the very intervention that Mr. Kruger is praying for! Our anxiety is partly relieved by King Alexander's statement that he will not pursue an "adventurous" policy.

The House of Lords, by four votes to one, has reversed the judgment of the Court of Appeal in the case of copyright in speeches. This is the culminating stroke of absurdity in the copyright law, for the House of Lords has not only declared the reporter to be an author, but has made it impossible for the author of a speech to print his own words if they happen to be identical with the newspaper report. The reporter pays nothing for the speech, and yet he, or his paper, claims a separate property in it, to the exclusion of the real author.

Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Montagu Randall, who is commanding the 1st Battalion of the 4th Gurkhas, now on

their way to China, was born in 1831, and attained his present rank two years ago. After being on the staff of General Sir William Lockhart, Lieutenant-Colonel Randall served in the Upper Burma Campaign of 1886-7, receiving the medal and clasp. For his work done in the Chin-Lushai Campaign, he was awarded the clasp and recommended for Brevet Majority. His command during the operations against the Kanhow Chins in 1891 brought him his D.S.O., the clasp mention in despatches, and recommendation for his Brevet Lieutenant-Colonelcy. In 1894-5 he fought in the Waziristan Campaign, and again received a clasp. Recently he was appointed Assistant-Adjutant-General of the Lahore District.

Mr. Kruger has been keeping Botha's force together by a series of extraordinary fabrications, including a romantic story of Lord Roberts's retreat to the Vaal,



LATEST PORTRAIT OF LORD ROBERTS.
TAKEN OUTSIDE HIS HEADQUARTERS AT PRETORIA.
From a Stereoscopic Photograph taken by H. F. MacKern, Special Photographer for Underwood and Underwood, London, W.C., and illustrating for "Scribner's Magazine," New York. (Copyright, 1900.)

and Lady Roberts's escape from Pretoria in a balloon. The Commander-in-Chief, as the enemy must ultimately discover to his cost, remains at his headquarters in the former Transvaal capital, and can perhaps afford a moment from his many cares to smile at these apocryphal aerial flights. His latest portrait shows him attended by one of his Indian orderlies.

There is a cab strike in Paris. It would have been more fitting if the public there had struck against the cabs, for since the Exhibition opened the Paris cabman has lost such scanty honesty and good manners as he ever possessed.

Canon Gore has been preaching against the "sensationalism" of the newspapers. He blames them for spreading unfounded reports of massacres at Peking.



Photo. Guerin, Biarritz.
MADAME DRAGA MASCHIN
(Now Queen of Serbia).



Photo. Guerin, Biarritz.
KING ALEXANDER OF SERBIA.
(Married, Aug. 5).

He should blame the "sensationalism" of the Chinese imagination. It was the Governor of Shantung who gave the apparent confirmation of the tragedy, and the newspapers naturally took it to be true. The whole diplomatic

world believed it. Why does not Canon Gore preach against the diplomatists?

There are no snakes in Iceland, but there is tiger-shooting in Ireland. Mr. Frank Troy claims to have shot a tiger on an islet in the Shannon. He does not say it was born there, but suggests that it escaped from a menagerie. The Irish public will not accept this. They will regard the spontaneous breeding of Irish tigers as the natural result of British tyranny.

Christian Scientists in America claim to have saved the Legations at Peking. The wife of the American Minister there is a Christian Scientist, and by dint of hard thinking, in co-operation with her fellow-Scientists at home, she managed to quell the fierceness of the Boxers. An army of Christian Scientists ought to be sent to Tientsin.

Captain Conwyn Mansel-Jones, of the West Yorkshire Regiment, has been awarded the Victoria Cross for "conspicuous bravery in South Africa." At the end of February, during the assault on Terrace Hill, north of the Tugela, the West Yorkshires met with a severe storm of shells and bullets on the northern side of the hill. The check was felt. It was a moment when all depended on cool courage of leadership, and this was exactly what Captain Mansel-Jones supplied. His initiative—undisturbed by a severe wound he received—restored confidence, and the men went forward until they held undisputed the whole of the ridge.

Lucchini, the assassin of the Empress of Austria, has expressed "great joy" at the news of King Humbert's murder. He is suffering imprisonment for life, and why it should be part of this discipline to give him occasion for "great joy" does not appear. It should be the very essence of his penalty to keep him absolutely isolated from the world, and not to rejoice the wretched creature by telling him of the exploit of a fellow-criminal.

The death of the Venerable Charles Wellington Furse, Archdeacon of Westminster, occurred on Aug. 2. A day or two before he had been present at service in the Abbey, and he was in attendance at a conference when taken with the fit that proved fatal. Born in 1821, he was the son of C. W. Johnson, who took the name of his wife, the daughter of the Rev. P. Wellington Furse, of Halsdon House, North Devon—a place the Archdeacon inherited. He was educated at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford, was ordained in 1848, and became in turn Principal of Cuddesdon Theological College, Hon. Canon of Christ Church, Rector of St. John the Evangelist, Westminster, and Canon and Archdeacon.

Major-General J. B. Dickson, C.B., has been created Military Governor of Middelburg. At the time of his appointment he was in command of the 4th Cavalry Brigade. Major-General Dickson has the Zulu medal and clasp for special service at the Cape in 1879; and the medal with two clasps and the Bronze Star for his work in the Nile Expedition of 1884. He was severely wounded at Abu Klea.

A translation of the decree reproduced on the opposite page is as follows: On the 26th of the 10th month of the 2nd year of Tung-chi (1863), the Governor of Kiang-su sent a memorial to the Throne by express, reporting that the army under his command had attacked and taken the city of Soochow and recovered the provincial capital. On the 4th of the 11th month, the Prince Regent, Ministers, and Grand Secretaries of State received an Imperial Decree stating that Li-Hung-Chang, the Governor of Kiang-su, had reported in a memorial to the Throne that the troops under his command had attacked Soochow and recaptured the provincial capital. The perusal of this memorial did verily deeply rejoice and comfort Us. And whereas the Kiang-su General Gordon did at the head of his troops assist in the attack, and, being versed in strategy, did use his utmost endeavours to devise skilful plans of campaign, let an order of the first rank be conferred upon him, and 10,000 taels of silver be given to him as a sign of commendation, and for his future encouragement.



Photo. Heath & Bradner, Exeter.
COLONEL F. M. RANDALL,
For Special Service in China.



Photo. Weston, Folkestone.
CAPTAIN MANSEL-JONES,
New V.C.



Photo. Emery.
THE LATE ARCHDEACON FURSE.



NITRAL'S NEK: THE SCENE OF THE MISHAP TO THE LINCOLNS ON JULY 11.

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN J. STEVENSON.

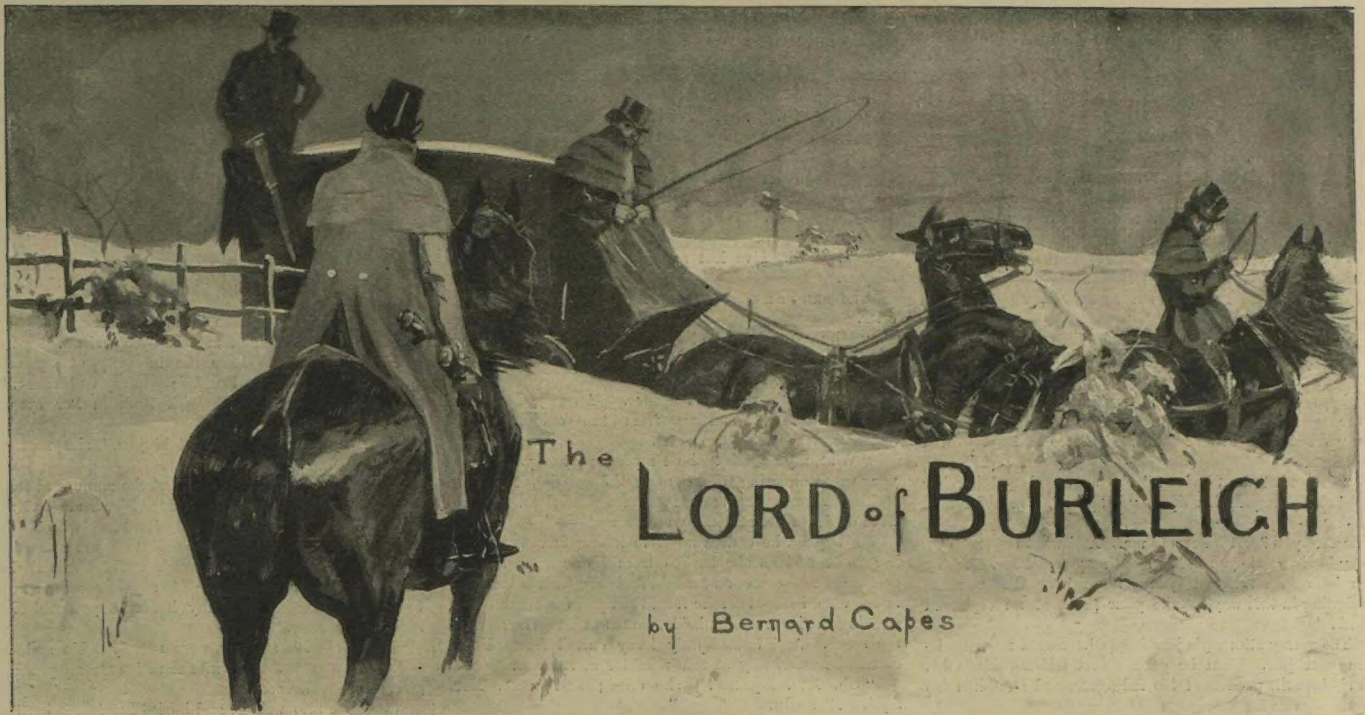
Nitral's—better known as Mosilbatse—Nek is three miles east of the Crocodile River, in the Magaliesberg Range, over which the main road from Pretoria to Rustenburg crosses. The road is good, though steep in parts. A third of the distance from the top of the Nek, in a slight depression, is a roadable hotel with half-a-dozen very comfortable circular huts for the benefit of visitors, and it is a great resort for Pretorian honeymoons and overworked officialdom. Here the Lincolns must have bivouached, regardless that both their flanks were commanded from the adjacent range. The top of the Nek is visible in the Sketch, with the road going over it; and the view from the summit is both extensive and effective. The road from Rustenburg, turning due west just beneath the pass, crosses the Crocodile River over a fairly good drift, while the river itself is visible for miles in its snake-like windings through tree-lined banks. This Nek has a history. The rival Boer armies occupied each side of it in one of the many semi-religious civil wars that were frequent in the days gone by. Paul Kruger and Potgieter were the opposing generals. An accidental shot, hitting one of the burghers, ended a week's palaver, and the burial service terminated that special civil war.



THE LATE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA: MEMORIAL SERVICE ON BOARD H.M.S. "ALEXANDRA," THE DUKE'S LAST COMMAND.

FROM A SKETCH BY STAFF-SURGEON A. GASCOIGNE WILDEY, H.M.S. "ALEXANDRA."

The service was held in the main battery after evening quarters.



ILLUSTRATED BY ALLAN STEWART.

FEBRUARY the 2nd, 1814, and frost-fairing on the Thames—a scene strange and animated enough to take a very hypochondriac out of himself. Miss Lucy Sebright, fancy-free, was the antithesis of that. Yet, though to possess herself was necessarily her sweetest consideration, youth and a new sense of liberty would have induced her to lend the most of her faculties to the scene, had the company she was forced to keep not tainted with depression her entire atmosphere. She loitered reluctant, and, it must be confessed, sullen, pecking with the toes of

her "trampers" (so she would call the thick sandals she wore) at any projection on the ice. Or she would lift the great sagging muff she carried, and peevishly dig her little nose into it for warmth, only to bring it out pinker and more aggravated. And at last she wrinkled that member in a yawn that was without compromise of politeness, and resolute to put a period to boredom.

"This is vastly dull, Mr. Harris," she said, stopping.

"I think I should like to go back to Lad Lane."

"Dull!" echoed in amazement the young man she

addressed. He was red and solid, with a boxer's lips—glove-buffers, one might call them. There was something of the jaunting butcher about him; yet, as a matter of fact, he was a young attorney—partner, also, to an old one.

Now, he vainly tried to adapt himself to this astounding point of view.

"Oh, Lud, Miss!" says he; "look at the booths and swings and knock-'em-downs. Dull, you call it—dull to a missy not a week from school? Come, now, don't be sulky; or is it that you're starved with the cold?"



"I've given you your answer, Sir, and repeated it. If you was the only man in the world I wouldn't marry you."

"I'm starved, Sir. I never felt such a vacancy. Will you take me back to the Swan with Two Necks, or shall I go alone?"

"A pretty thing, of course; and Mrs. Squires, that my Lord of Burleigh recommended to ye, still to be seen about that maid."

"How do you know I haven't seen Mrs. Squires already?"

"Seen her already, have ye? We're mighty secret, upon my word. Look here, Miss Lucy—don't go back. I brought ye out of a purpose. There, I confess it. Come now, and have a roking hot glass of elderberry wine, and warm your cockles against something I've got to say to ye."

"I need no elderberry wine to warm me, Sir. I'm hot already—though but a week from school—to hear a gentleman so persistent to press a suit already pronounced distasteful."

"Oh, my stars! There, now, I didn't mean to offend ye. Know your own interests, that's all."

"I know them, Sir. Are they yours, too—or your firm's, perhaps—that your partner, my guardian, allows you to tense me like this?"

"What d'ye mean?" he said, fierce and surly in a moment.

"Oh, what do I mean?" she answered, nodding her head and primming her lips. "Why, Sir, I'm told I'm a fortune."

"Are you? It's news to me. And what then?"

"Is it news to you indeed? or that you and Mr. Buckley are both in straitened circumstances? or that you are designing in this way to take your profit of an orphaned ward?"

The young attorney's jaw dropped. For a moment he was speechless. Then he gave a soft whistle, thrust his hands into the pockets of his redingote, and straddled his legs.

"Oh," said he, "that's a finishing academy at Brentford! What else of romance, if you please?"

"Ah!" she replied resolutely, "but it isn't romance. Why otherwise does my guardian—this guardian, whom I never heard from till 'twas his interest to claim me—have me from school to a common inn?"

"He's a bachelor. You make the first of his interests in a home that's to be. Besides, did your other guardian ever take an interest in you?"

"Lord Burleigh, Sir, wrote to me from time to time; as, I understand, he's now written to Mr. Buckley, to remonstrate over my accommodation, and to offer to take entire charge of me till your partner has a house of his own."

Mr. Harris, with an oath and a jerk, gathered himself together, strode a few paces, and came back to his former position.

"This is gratitude and independence indeed! And how d'ye know that, Miss?" he cried peremptorily.

"I read the letter—while my guardian was reading it—upside down," answered the young lady, with a blush. "Lord Burleigh writes a hand that 'tis impossible to misunderstand in any position. Besides, I learnt to do it at Brentford," she added in self-exculpation.

The attorney, quite characteristically, accepted this evidence on its merits.

"Well," he said, "and aren't you to take post, with your new maid, to St. Albans and his Lordship's arms to-morrow? And does that look like coercion?"

"No, Sir. Only this, I confess."

"Why, what is it for me but a last opportunity?"

"It's persecution," she said warmly, the little unseasoned rebel. "I've given you your answer, Sir, and repeated it. If you was the only man in the world I wouldn't marry you."

His face went scarlet. He showed his under-teeth like a pike.

"You'll repent this!" he said, and flung away.

He came back again, failed to articulate, stamped, shook his fist, and went off furiously.

Miss Sebright, left alone in the crowd, had first an inclination to cry, till she recollected that she, a stranger, was committed unprotected to this strange scene in the heart of a strange city, and must muster all her faculties to meet the situation. Dusk was already beginning to threaten. She stood forlorn in the midst of a very pandemonium of uproar and racket. The boundaries of the river, from Blackfriars to London Bridge, were obliterated by a seething and shouting human tide. In all the space between (save where in mid-channel a narrow stream yet coursed—the artery, as it were, of this enormous life) was the congress of utter disorder—a swarming camp of booths and stalls. Drums banged, tambourines rattled, vendors bawled their wares. Here was an improvised skittle-alley; here boat-swings swished and tore at their moorings; here a printing-press clanked. There were "jingling" and sparring matches—blood and beer and laughter; and there was plenty of heavy good-humour, but a scurvy leaven of delicacy to ferment it. The schoolgirl, realising her position, turned wildly about, like a creature at bay, to seek a passage to escape.

"The coward!" she breathed, shutting her teeth on a whipper.

"What, Cousin Betty!" said a leering mendicant, holding out a paw; "ain't you a mag in that there little ridicule for Dusty Bob?"

"Get out, Johnny," said another fellow, shoving his way forward. He had a bunch of switches in his hand and one of ribbon in his hat. "Didn't you see," he said, "the lady yink at me? Here's the Buckhorse, Ma'am. Here's Jack Smith as rode Little Dan in his Lordship of March's great match agen time, and is now reduced to sell switches, and have his chin played on for the small consideration of a penny. Vot shall it be, Ma'am? Name the flash chaunt and get out your vipe. I'm the professor, Ma'am, o' chin-music, Ma'am, as'll make you think small potatoes of Mr. Noel and his pantaloons, not to speak of Dr. Burney a-playin' of the horgan at Ranelagh with the swell on."

"I don't want—" began Lucy, now thoroughly distressed. "Oh, I've lost myself!" she cried suddenly, in despair.

The man turned about, showing the face of a burlesque crier.

"Hi, my cracks!" he bawled. "Here's a lady's lost herself. Who's been a-sneaking of her? Come up, you prigs, and make res-ti-tution."

There was a roar of laughter. An oily Corinthian detached himself smiling from the onlookers, and approached the frightened girl.

"Wat, my angelic!" he simpered; "hev you missed your way wandering from the celestial mansions? I vow, looking in your eyes, I see 'em reflected quite close. Deign—now, do deign—to accept my escort, and—"

As, lipping, he endeavoured to insinuate an arm about her waist, and as she backed from him with a frenzied gesture of resistance, an amazed little cry (it was heavenly in her ears, indeed!) broke from the lips of a woman who, crossing the ice from Bankside, came at that moment upon the scene. And immediately Lucy darted forward and clutched hysterically at this minister of succour.

"Oh, Mrs. Squires!" she cried; and "Oh, Mrs. Squires!" again.

"Miss Sebright!" exclaimed the lady; "why, whatever's the matter, my dear?"

"I lost myself," said Lucy, clinging to the lean arm through the paduasoy, as if she were in terror that its spare owner, in embarrassment of the situation, might be moved to make herself scarcer: "I lost myself, and this gentleman insulted me."

"Did he now?" said Mrs. Squires; and she added, in fine irony, "you hadn't your little brother with you, you see."

There was a figure standing at the good woman's shoulder—a most odd figure, as Lucy remarked it. It was of a bronzed-faced gawk of a girl, in a scarlet cloak and a ridiculous flapping mob-cap.

"Come along, my dear," said Mrs. Squires; and drew her charge away. The great girl followed.

"Now, 'pan my soul, angelic, I protest!" said the Corinthian.

The gawk thrust forward her cheek to him.

"Curry favour with the maid, master," she said.

"Wat!" he cried; and condescended, in view of contingencies.

"And there's a receipt in full," said she, and gave him a swingeing cuff on the jaw.

He went down, shrieking and spluttering, and rose again, spitting blood, and with his immaculate skin-tight kickshies slashed like a doublet. He was for murder; but the crowd, rapturous over the blow, held him back and baited him presently into retributory hysterics.

A dozen yards from the shore Lucy, happening to glance round, immediately stayed her companion.

"Does this odd creature belong to you, Ma'am?" said she.

Mrs. Squires looked back and down, and reddened.

"La, now, Miss," said she, "that I should be forgetting my very errand! To be sure, my dear, she does; and to you by the token, if you wish it. She's the gal I recommended to ye for maid this morning, following his Lordship's request; and we was only now on our way to Lad Lane to offer ourselves."

"Dear Ma'am," said Lucy primly, "Lord Burleigh, writing to me at school, was so urgent that I should put myself entirely into your hands in the matter, that I vow I won't be moved to question the evidence of my eyes."

Mrs. Squires giggled and simpered, but she made no answer.

Lucy turned to the gawk.

"I engage you on this lady's recommendation," she said. "You must be ready to start with me to-morrow for St. Albans. What's your name, girl?"

The hussy bobbed a curtsy, as if she were stopping a ball with her skirts.

"Nancy, an it please your Ladyship," she answered.

Miss Sebright turned, and signified that she would resume her way.

"I don't know about to-night," she was beginning, with her nose in the air, when Mrs. Squires hastily interrupted her.

"Oh, no, Miss! By your leave, it would never do. We'll see you safe home, and the gal shall wait upon you to-morrow at your own time."

Very little else passed between them. For all her gratitude, Lucy was conscious of a vague feeling of half-comical aggravation. In Lad Lane, near Cheapside, they parted at the yard entrance to the Swan, Mrs. Squires to

bear off her extraordinary protégée, Lucy to seek her guardian.

Mr. Buckley—a little old spare-rib of a man, with a powdered head and dusty shoulders, as if the moth were in his brain—rose formally to greet her as she entered the tiny dull parlour that had been their home for a week.

"You have engaged a maid?" he said, in his measured, toneless voice.

"Yes, Sir. She is to wait upon me at ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

"That is very well. You will understand that, however indirectly, she is your other guardian's nominee. You will understand that, this being the case, I repudiate for myself, with your departure, any further responsibility in the matters of your well-being or safety."

"If you please, Sir," answered Lucy, startled and trembling.

"Once," continued the old man, in the same even tone, "I foolishly accepted a trust of a dying friend. My reward at this date is to have the integrity of my motives questioned by the very beneficiary of my Quixotism."

Lucy started forward, with tears in her eyes. He repelled her with a gesture.

"He has been here and told you," she murmured, choking.

"It was not the rejection, but the manner of it," said he. "How that affects my trusteeship, I am not moved in this place to dwell upon. As for him—who, I believe, on my honour, proposed in absolute ignorance of your expectations—he is, as a foolish world terms it, heart-broken. Now, I have nothing to say—I can have nothing to say—but that I wash my hands of you and of your affairs altogether."

His words, his manner, were utterly noble and dignified. Yet—so sure of its intuitions is extreme youth—the girl was not convinced.

She sank into a chair, and buried her face in her hands.

II.

For weeks the country roads had been impassable from snow. Even now the great York highway from London, rolled and trodden into a caricature of ship-shape, must be traversed gingerly, with many stoppages for broken straps and scraping out of balled hoofs, not to speak of the caution necessary to the thridding of a fog that, only less blinding beyond than it had been within the city's compass, was still a pretty palpable embarrassment. But Miss Sebright bore the inevitable radiantly. Quit of a haunting shadow, the more disturbing because it had been undefinable; quit of an odious suit; recovered from the frosty formality of a "God-speeding," that had indeed chilled like a curse; making, however tardily, towards that better realisation of an emancipation that had for long been the subject of her day-dreams, she was in such spirits as found exhilaration in every detail of her journey.

More than all, she took delight in the drolleries of her companion. This strange being, having turned up punctually at the Swan with Two Necks, and having acknowledged Mr. Buckley's stare and self-repudiatory shrug with a grin and a burlesque curtsy, had forthwith accommodated herself to her charge in a manner masterly—it is the only term. She disposed for comfort; she rattled for company. Her mere advent was like a rescue—her mere presence a bond of security. Sure was never such another maid—so full of queer anecdote, so affectionately attentive, so strong in the arm withal. Her garb only was the preposterous rind to a most refreshing fruit. A thousand times Lucy congratulated herself on the happy chance that had brought them acquainted.

"I shall love you, Nancy," said she. "I vow I do already."

"Honour bright, now?" said Nancy.

"Honour bright, to be sure."

"Whoop!" cried Nancy; and skipped her great boots in the straw.

Lucy laughed.

"You may kiss me, in token, if you like, girl; but you must first take off that frightful cap."

Nancy fell suddenly rigid.

"I won't take off the cap, and I won't kiss ye, Ma'am, till I've proved myself deserving it," she said, very starchyly.

With her words came the sound of a trace snapping like a pistol-shot. They turned out into the road. While they were waiting, Nancy, in boisterous spirits, clawed up a ball of snow and let fly with it at a bird sitting on a way-side branch. Lucy gasped, and became immediately speechless. So she remained for some time after they had resumed their journey.

"Nancy," she said presently, in a very quiet voice, "where did you learn to throw?"

Nancy looked down, as red as a capsicum, and twiddled her fingers and did not answer. A much longer silence befell. By-and-by the maid stole a glance at her mistress. She sat with closed eyes, and as pale as death. When Nancy put out a deprecating hand, she shivered and withdrew herself as far as possible into her corner.

The happiness of the day seemed all gone. The frost tightened; the chaise jogged on through a dismal waste of fog. Suddenly, to the maid's horror and remorse, Lucy was weeping violently.

"Oh, the terror of this last hour!" she cried uncontrollably; "the shadow of something closing in upon me! Whoever you are, put me out of my fright. I'm all alone—I'm all alone! Tell me if you are in the old man's pay."

They were reaching the exit from a walled lane as she spoke. The chaise had been in gloom; the noise of the wheels reverberated hollow. Now, in a moment, as the boom and the gloom together lightened, to a quick shout and clatter the vehicle was pulled up so sharply that they were almost jerked from their seats. In the same instant a masked fellow on a horse showed himself at the window. Miss Sebright gave one little gasp, and sat motionless. Now, indeed, she was between the devil and the deep sea. Her tongue was locked convulsively. She had no power to take part in the little bandying of words that ensued.

"Turn out of that, you!" said the man peremptorily. (Lucy's eyelids flickered. The bully had not so much imagination even as would serve him for the disguising of his voice.)

"Why?" asked Nancy, because he had spoken to her.

"Why, Dolly mollisher?" he answered with a coarse laugh. "Why, because I want your place. Me and the

post-boys (bribed without a doubt) straddled their animals in critical mood, and prepared to hoist and carry the victor whithersoever he listed.

Suddenly Lucy covered her face with her hands. She had seen Nancy's frock rending away in one piece. When she looked again—there was a young man without his coat, but in a great mob-cap, seated struggling on the ground in a wreck of calico.

Mr. Harris, murderous, waxen, and ghastly, advancing upon his adversary from a recoil, with his heel—his only available weapon that was deadly—tingling inside his jack-boot, cursed and fell back from the muzzle of a pistol offered to him.

"Another step, and I fire!" said Lucy.

She had slipped out, picked up the dropped weapon, already discharged, and presenting it at him (he had no notion but that it was number two, loaded), was thus, in her turn, gulling the rogue.

He stopped. "A plant, by God!" he screamed. Then seeing his purposed victim had nearly extricated himself, he snarled out a black curse or two, and, escaping like a devil-fish, under veil of his own discharge, scuttled for his horse, mounted it in a panic, and, trailing along its withers,

"In a mob-cap, Sir? It was vastly ingenious of him, and it becomes you mightily."

The young man, in a fury, wrenched the forgotten coiffure from his head.

"It was my own idea," he cried. "Not even Mrs. Squires's, whom I coaxed to help me. My Lord had no part in it. And I tell you, Madam, for all your grudging and your heartless ridicule, you owe your honour to my shame; for had I appeared in my proper person, they would have found means to out-mancoeuvre us and carry you off in spite."

He bawled it out, fuming.

"Hush!" she said. "Do you want the post-boys took into your confidence?"

Then, in a moment, she was crying as if her heart would break.

He threw himself down before her on his knees.

"Oh, don't!" he whimpered. "I'm so sorry! But I'm only a boy."

She drew back as they approached the gates of Burleigh.

"I'm frightened," she said. "This will be worse than the other. Oh, how do you stand with my Lord?"



On the thought, a flash, an explosion, and a screech from the outside broke the situation into fragments.

little lady has an engagement at the Fleet this morning that can't be put off."

"Lawks!" said Nancy, "you ain't never going to marry my mistress against her will!"

"To be sure not, my dear. But—appearances to the contrary—her will 'll be one with mine after a little persuasion of sorts. You see if it ain't. Now then—mizzle!"

"All right, if I must. But what's that fellow behind you waiting for?"

The highwayman gave a startled jerk and turn. Immediately poor frigid, suffering Lucy saw her maid whip something from her pocket, lean hurriedly across her; and, on the thought, a flash, an explosion, and a screech from the outside broke the situation into fragments. With an answering shriek, she came to her faculties and to an amazed realisation of the little tragedy that was enacting for her benefit. Nancy, diverting their assailant's attention by a ruse, had, on the trick of it, shot him down. He had not been killed. The bullet smashed his collar bone and dismounted him. But he was up again in a moment—unmasked—bleeding and staggering, a white caricature of Mr. Harris; but desperate enough for all that. Nancy, seeing him rise, had plunged from the chaise and grappled; and there the two were at hammering and tearing conclusions, while the

rode away, leaving a dropping track of red in the snow, before he could be interfered with.

Nancy (there is no other name for him) sat squeezed into that corner of the chaise remotest from Lucy, with ostentatious discomfort, with a tragically knitted brow, and with his arms folded. Miss Sebright, sitting white and rigid, looked, and exhaled, a killing frost.

"I owe you my life, Sir," she said.

"And I owe you mine," he answered.

"And I wish I could say," she continued icily, not deigning to acknowledge his debt, "that I owed you the preservation of my honour."

"Twas for that I shot the fellow," he answered sulkily.

"You give and take away," she said disdainfully. "The post-boys will testify to that, when the gossips question."

"You were in the toils," said he, "more than you guess, perhaps, even now. My Lord had information. That Harris—he is Buckley's bastard; it is the truth. They were involved together, and they played for your fortune. They let you nominate, o' purpose, the maid your companion, that she might witness against collusion. 'Twas all as plain as a pikestaff, and the fog befriended 'em. My Lord had information, I tell you. He would send his agent to secure and fetch you away."

"Very well," said he.

"But—his agent! And what will he think of us?"

"That you was quite unfit to be trusted alone."

"Indeed he may. But of you—that, it seems, saved me only for yourself?"

The gates swung open. A clean old woman stood curtseying and simpering by the chaise-window.

"My Lord, your father's in a rare stew expecting 'ee," she said. Then she cried, "Sakes alive! whatever's become o' your Lordship's coat?"

"My Lord!" muttered Lucy, shrinking back.

"Lucy, my darling dearest!" cried the young man. "Forgive me—please do. I swear I began for a lark; but by the plague, Lucy, I've finished in dead earnest."

She did not answer.

"Lucy," he entreated, "for the sake of old Trust! Don't put in your plea against the old man! It should have been the agent, Lucy; but somehow I coaxed him to let me take his place."

"Mrs. Squires and the agent!" she said stiffly. "You seem to have a coaxing way with you, Sir. You are a boy indeed!"

Then the frost melted finally into April.

"And, oh!" she cried, "I suppose, after all, I am only a girl!"

THE END.

T H E L A T E K I N G O F I T A L Y .



THE LATE KING HUMBERT INSPECTING THE ITALIAN CONTINGENT FOR CHINA AT NAPLES.

Drawn by F. Matania.



THE BURIAL-PLACE OF KING HUMBERT: INTERIOR OF THE PANTHEON OF AGRIPPA.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA: WINTER AND SUMMER SCENES AT TIENTSIN.

Photographs by Mr. A. T. Edwards, Harlesden, and Mr. N. P. Edwards, Littlehampton.



PROCESSION OF MANDARIN BOATS ON THE PEI-HO. WITH THE NATIVE FORT FROM WHICH THE EUROPEANS AT TIENTSIN HAVE BEEN ATTACKED.



THE FROZEN PEI-HO RIVER, TIENTSIN, WITH UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "PALOS."



VICTORIA ROAD, TIENTSIN, IN WINTER, SHOWING OLD CHINESE BUILDINGS OF BAMBOO AND PAPER.



TIENTSIN-RAILWAY-STATION.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A .



A CHRISTIAN SERVICE AT TSINTAU



DIGGING SURFACE COAL ON THE UPPER YANGTSE RIVER.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A .



COLLECTING THE ANNUAL TRIBUTE FROM THE MONGOLIAN TRIBES IN MANCHURIA: THE CHIEF SOURCE OF LI-HUNG-CHANG'S REVENUE.

The collector travels round the country appointing places to which the tribute, mostly beautiful sable fur, is to be brought on a certain day. Sometimes goats are brought for the collector's table.



THE TWELFTH "COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."



THE LATE LUKE OF EDINBURGH'S LAST COMMAND: H.M.S. "ALEXANDRA" FLYING THE ROYAL ENSIGN AT HALF-MAST.
Drawn off the Coast of Arica by Mr. Seppings Wright, our Special Artist with "The Illustrated London News."



MAKING AND DRYING FUEL BLOCKS, MADE OF COAL DUST AND EARTH, ON THE UPPER YANGTSE RIVER.

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE SHAH IN PARIS.



THE ATTACK ON THE SHAH: THE ASSAILANT, SALSON, SEIZED BY A BICYCLIST POLICEMAN.

THE LATE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.



THE NEW DUKE, CHARLES EDWARD, DUKE OF ALBANY, BEING RECEIVED BY THE REGENT, THE HEREDITARY PRINCE OF HOHENLOHE-LANGENBURG, AT THE COBURG STATION.



THE PASSING OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION ACROSS THE MARKET PLACE AT COBURG.

Photo. Chamberlain, Glasgow.



THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA: THE SCENE IN THE CHURCH OF ST. MORITZ AT COBURG.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. Maynard Brown.

THE LATE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.

Photographs by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.



LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA
(CHARLES EDWARD, DUKE OF ALBANY).



HOUSE AT ROSENAU CASTLE IN WHICH THE LATE DUKE DIED.



THE LYING-IN-STATE IN THE CHURCH OF ST. MORITZ AT COBURG.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: INCIDENTS OF THE ADVANCE TO PRETORIA.

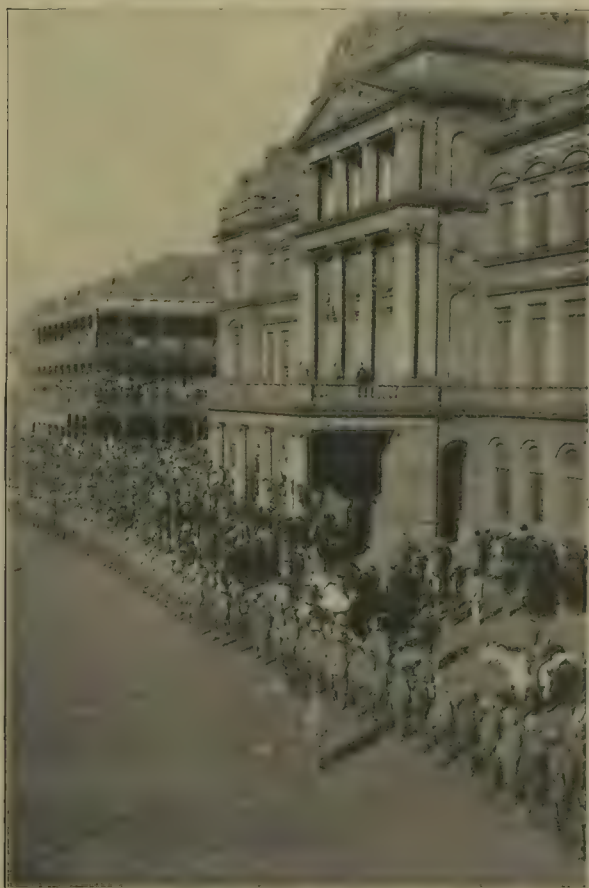
Photographs by Mr. J. Rosenthal.



LORD ROBERTS, LORD KIT BENER.
LORD ROBERTS AND STAFF CROSSING THE VAAL RIVER.



SHOEING LORD ROBERTS'S HORSE AT KROONSTAD.



HOISTING THE FLAG AT PRETORIA.



A HASTY TOILET: OUR SPECIAL ARTIST BEFORE CROSSING THE VAAL RIVER.



MR. PRIOR MEETING OLD FRIENDS AT JOHANNESBURG.



MR. PRIOR AT WORK, AND MR. BENNET BURLEIGH, OF THE "DAILY
TELEGRAPH," UNDER THE BARBER'S HANDS.



THE INEFFECTIVE BOER: AN OFFICER'S TROPHY.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Little Anna Mark. By S. R. Crockett. (London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 4s.)
Town Lady and Country Lass. By Florence Warden. (London: White, 6s.)
The Strong Arm. By Robert Barr. (London: Methuen and Co., 6s.)
A Walk through the Zoological Gardens. By F. G. Aflalo. (London: Macmillan and Co., 3s. 6d.)
Sport in War. By Major-General R. S. S. Baden-Powell, F.R.S. (London: Macmillan and Co., 6s.)
The Prison House. By Jane Jones. (Edinburgh: W. Blackwood, 6s.)
The Man-Stealers. By M. P. Shiel. (London: Hutchinson, 6s.)
The Increasing Purpose. By James Lane Allen. (London: Macmillan and Co., 6s.)

The notable and redeeming quality of "Little Anna Mark," as of all Mr. Crockett's work, is its high spirits. In any hands the business of writing stories of adventure is apt to become mechanical, and Mr. Crockett is so whole-souled a manufacturer, turning out romances by the gross, as it were, that the figure of a machine is inevitable. We imagine a loom always spinning, never, apparently, under the necessity, like other looms, of running on short time, the product of which issues endlessly, to be cut off, parcelled, addressed, and dispatched in volumes to the orders and requirements of customers. The loom has a name for a certain quality and pattern, and the goods it supplies are generally up to sample. One cannot complain that this is otherwise in "Little Anna Mark." It is rather more than usually "blizzy." Philip Stansfield, the villain, rises magnificently superior to the limitations of time and space and conscience that are imposed upon ordinarily respectable folk, and even in scenes where not very far from escapes the gallows, which, incidentally, as a rich pun, an end to gentlemen of his kidney. And yet eventually he has a heart somewhere, a virtue that lifts him to the great heart in all of us; for, after killing his own father and pursuing a career of callous villainy extending to over four hundred pages, the unfortunate victim of which was always his wife, in the end he leaps into a fiery abyss "for her sake," and disappears from our view "among poisonous fumes that strike us full in the face and send us reeling, as if struck by a mighty, invisible hand." Young Philip, his son, is possibly a rather colourless hero, and the heroine, little Anna Mark, is not so hoydenish as some of Mr. Crockett's hoydens. For any tameness in them, however, there is ample compensation in the lurid characteristics of their companions in the surprising adventures that befall them before they join hands in the kirk, round their Jamie's back, in sympathy with Mr. Bell's text from the Canticles, "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." In "Little Anna Mark," in a word, we have a fair average example of Mr. Crockett. It is not over-refined, it aims at no subtlety of character-drawing, it is mechanical; but the high spirits of the author give him an unflagging interest in his creations that is reflected in the mind of the reader.

If anyone is pining to read a thoroughly mediocre example of the transpontine drama, let him take up "Town Lady and Country Lass." Of action, truly, there is enough and to spare. Miss Warden whirls her puppets from one part of the stage to another on the slightest pretext; so long as they move, what matters it that they are jerky and inconsequent; that the scene-shifter is too much in evidence; that the reader is a-weary of their stazy smiles and tears? We own that we laid the book down with a sense of disappointment, having been led to expect better things from the author of "The House on the Marsh." There is nothing fresh or convincing about this story, which has its setting in the early days of the Hanoverian Dynasty. The conventional "Seductions" and "Fugitives" with which the conversation is freely interspersed somehow fail to enliven it; even "Stap my vitals" falls after a time (we know this seems ungrateful). The plot is but clumsily conceived, and absolutely given away. When that poor, honest man, the hero, steps upon the boards, we can anticipate what is to come. Nothing, it seems, can be done to help him; the fiat has gone forth, and for all time he is become the butt and sport of Destiny—in the form of the novelist. Even distinguished writers have fallen into the error of supposing honesty and a certain crass stupidity to be inseparable; Gilt Jan Ridd, otherwise the hero of heroes, is a case in point. This particular honest man is not even consistent; he lies with a fluency and readiness which could scarcely be surpassed. We are given to understand that he does this in order to prove that he is not wholly lacking in proper pride. The end of a thing, as the gifted writer of Ecclesiastes long ago found occasion to record, is better than the beginning. In the present instance it is not better save in the sense that it is the end, only unduly delayed.

Mr. Barr is a humorist with considerable skill in blood-curdling. Some of us may prefer his jests to his nightmares; but that is a matter of taste, and all his readers will agree that he is one of the dearest story-tellers who possess and deserve the favour of the public. "The Strong Arm" is a collection of tales about German chivalry, knightly deeds, and villainous devices in the Middle Ages. There is an abducted Emperor, who is rescued with consummate address from the clutches of the Fehmgerichte, a body that used to be the backbone of sensational fiction, and is handled now by Mr. Barr with remarkable freshness and vigour. Nothing, indeed,

is so striking in these stories as the technical mastery that enables the writer to give new point to the oldest materials of story-telling, the dungeons, the castle-moat, the dagger that pierces chain-armour—all the properties that were dear to novel-readers in a former generation. But Mr. Barr is not simply a clever manipulator of old ideas. He has some original and startling effects of his own. "The Long Ladder" may be commended to the nervous and imaginative reader who wants a thriller before going to bed. He is likely to remember it when he is feeling low and lonely, and wants a good, paralysing image of horror to keep him company.

In "A Walk through the Zoological Gardens," Mr. F. G. Aflalo has contrived a useful little volume, for which many visitors to Regent's Park will thank him. From house to house and from paddock to paddock of the "Zoo,"

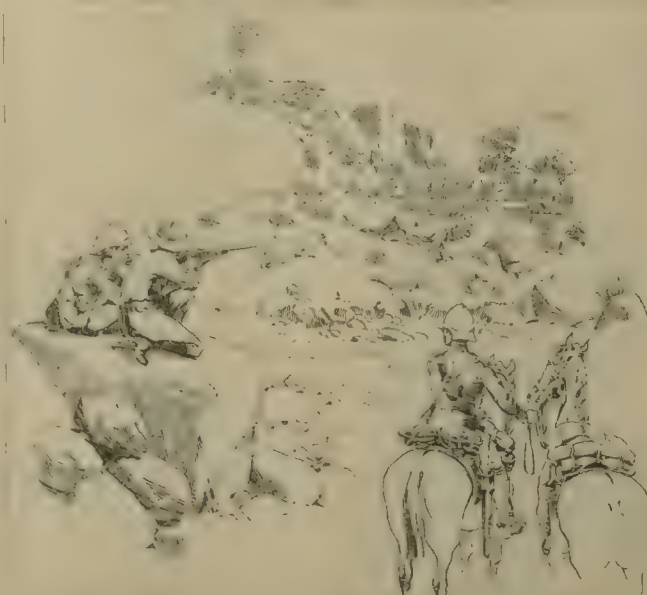


THE MARMOT.

Reproduced from "A Walk through the Zoological Gardens," by permission of Messrs. Sains and Co.

Mr. Aflalo conducts his readers, pointing out in an easy and familiar style the chief objects of interest. Exhaustive treatment, of course, is out of the question, but the writer has seized upon the points of chief interest in every specimen—be it appearance or size, habits or food—and in a light and agreeable style places them before his audience. Excellent illustrations accompany the brief articles. A capital idea of these may be formed from the picture of the marmot, which accompanies the present notice.

Major-General Baden-Powell's book is a reprint of sketches which have appeared in the *Badminton Magazine*, and therefore not earlier than within the last five years. Very good copy, indeed, for the editor of such a periodical was



SKETCH BY MAJOR-GENERAL R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL.

Reproduced from "Sport in War," by permission of Mr. William Heinemann.

"The Sport of Rajahs," for instance, a graphic chapter on pig-sticking. That it should be republished in book form is due to the military fame of its writer. The rather ambiguous and not wholly happy title now given by the editor to the little collection of sketches—which are spread over some two hundred pages by the device of a large border round each page, printed in green—renders it necessary to say that no allusion is intended to the present war. "What sort of sport do you have out there?" people asked Major Baden-Powell when he returned from Rhodesia. That set him talking about the buck, the koodoo, the sable, and—delightful names—wildebeeste and hartebeeste. Scouting, it is true, is referred to as a form of sport—scouting in Rhodesia against a savage foe. The sportsman in

Rhodesia shot guinea-fowl, duck, plover, partridges, and "so-called pheasants"; he also saw ostriches. The chapters entitled "A Run with the Cape Foxhounds" and "Hadj Ano" are told with a colloquialism very much in keeping with the themes; and in "The Ordeal of the Spear," the General appears as the teller of a love-story. The author may think twice about the estimate of his military career contained in the editor's exordium: "And here is the little book, proving the General to be not less master of the pen and pencil than of the sword." That is a double-edged compliment. All the same the General's illustrations are excellent for an amateur's. Like everything else he does they bear the mark of being done in delightful good spirits.

Some years ago Miss Jane Jones would have been considered to have written quite a daring book, but in these jaded days the story of Harold Clay and Eve Hepburn is almost conventional. The style of "The Prison House" is not modelled on any classic; nor is it distinguished for original piquancy. In the first chapter the young man with eight thousand a year is visited by another young man, who takes his leave in this fashion: "Well, ta-ta, and bums, after unearthing his irreproachable silk hat and suede gloves from under a chair, and having carefully arranged his buttonhole before the mirror, took his languid way out of the room." Irreproachable silk hats are never "unearthed"; and they are not put under chairs when fashionable young gentlemen call upon one another.

The real action of "The Man-Stealers" is confined to a couple of days and nights. That is enough to show that the fun is fast and furious. Were it not, it would be difficult to find incident enough to fill up the three hundred and forty pages of the novel. As it is, Mr. Shiel finds it plenty. The murder by his comrades of a Frenchman who has repented of the conspiracy to kidnap the Iron Duke; the French pursuit with bloodhounds of Mr. Golde, who has learned the secret; Golde's escape to a travelling menagerie; the burning of the menagerie by the French and the escape of the infuriated tigers and the lion; the burning of the barge in which he and Margaret, the lion-tamer, take refuge; their capture and escape from the frigate; their defence of the lighthouse against the French from storey to storey;

the burning of the tower while they cling to a weak iron lightning-rod far down the outer wall; their eventual rescue—all this takes place in a single night! Dumas could not undo Mr. Shiel in fertility of invention. And it must be admitted that he presents the most incredible adventures with a marvellous air of reality and truth. For those who like a good sensational romance there could be no better book. Whether the Duke of Wellington was quite the kind of man that he is here shown to be, we may be permitted to doubt. But that, of course, in no way detracts from the interest of the adventures connected with his kidnapping and escape. For these adventures have more to do with Golde and Margaret than with the Duke's own character. A more serious blot upon the book is the

strained and violent phraseology which the author affects in his wish to be vivid and picturesque. He tells us that "Apollyon yawned a red cavern with stalactites." What he means is that the lion yawned and showed his white teeth.

Mr. James Lane Allen has written another story of Kentucky, but it lacks the peculiar charm of its predecessors. "The Increasing Purpose" relates the spiritual history of a farmer's son, who is ambitious to enter the ministry. He goes to college, and is soon troubled by the theological dogmas he finds there. He hears a sermon against Darwin, buys "The Origin of Species," and "The Descent of Man," and comes to the conclusion that the theology which regards the universe as made for man is wrong. Discussions of this subject with his preceptors lead to his expulsion from the college, and he returns home to a disappointed household, where his father and mother treat him with cold hostility. A school-teacher cheers the loneliness of his spirit, and he makes love to her by expounding the doctrine of evolution. She does not accept it; but, having nursed him through an illness, she marries him, with a misgiving that he will always think less of her than of the duty of propagating scientific truth. This is not very attractive material for a novel, and we fear that Mr. Allen has fallen between two stools. His book has little value as science, and the faintest possible interest as fiction. In "The Invisible Chain" he showed the quality of debate literary art; but in the new story he has neglected his true

medium, and produced an indigestible theological treatise. Evolution is much too good a subject to be handled in this way, and it is only a very unsophisticated reader who can find the views of Mr. Allen, young divinity student now and interesting.

AT THE BOOK-SELLERS.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Dec. 11, 1900.
 LONDON: H. K. MURRAY, 15, MARK LANE, E.C. 4.
 EDINBURGH: W. BLACKWOOD, 7, PRINCE STREET.
 GLASGOW: J. B. LIVINGSTONE, 10, NICHOLSON STREET.
 LEEDS: THOS. FISKE, 11, BRIDGE STREET.
 LIVERPOOL: J. B. LIVINGSTONE, 10, NICHOLSON STREET.
 MANCHESTER: J. B. LIVINGSTONE, 10, NICHOLSON STREET.
 NEWCASTLE: J. B. LIVINGSTONE, 10, NICHOLSON STREET.
 SHEFFIELD: J. B. LIVINGSTONE, 10, NICHOLSON STREET.
 YORK: J. B. LIVINGSTONE, 10, NICHOLSON STREET.

THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES.

Sketches by Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright, our Special Artist with "B" Fleet.



SANDING.

Sand plays an important part in the ship's toilet, and is collected from time to time. At certain parts of the coast the sand is better than at others. Our sand-party recently varied the work with a rabbit-hunt. The rabbit was discovered seated at the entrance of his burrow placidly watching the working party. The men started off with boathooks, and spent a merry half-hour trying to catch him. This proved futile, and recourse was had to the rifle, with a similar result, leaving Deer Rabbit master of the field.—NOTE BY MR. WRIGHT.



A FALSE ALARM: A BATTLE-SHIP OPENS FIRE ON A FRIEND.

The keenness displayed by the various ships crew on the lock-out for the enemy's torpedo-boats culminated in several mistakes, the vessels firing on our own destroyers. Next morning the Admiral signalled: "You fired on my despatch-boat last night. I hope you did not sink her."—NOTE BY MR. WRIGHT.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

I have an enormous reverence for Shakespeare; yet, unlike those who share that reverence with me, I have an idea that many of his most frequently quoted sentences were "writ ironical," as Mark Twain has it, or, to put things still more plainly, "with his tongue in his cheek." Shakespeare was born in 1564, and, at a rough guess, did not begin to write until he was past twenty. By that time William of Orange, otherwise the Silent, had been killed at Delft by the bullet of Ballhuizer Gérard; five years later, Jacques Clément, a Dominican friar, made an end of Henri III. of France; and before the poet died, Henri IV. perished by the hand of Ravallae. In the face of all this, what becomes of Claudius's swagger, "There's such divinity doth hedge a king, That treason can but peep to what it would?"

Latter-day regicides laugh outright at the idea of a "divinity that doth hedge a king," but they know that very frequently, and on great occasions always, there is a more formidable obstacle than the hedge of divinity to their closely approaching the Prince, Sovereign, or head of the State they have selected as their victim. The formidable obstacle consists of a practically impenetrable hedge of soldiers; as a rule, cavalry soldiers, between the horses of which the assassin cannot wedge his way, and over the groups of which cattle it would be downright waste of powder to aim; so the best organised of those assassins have taken to the use of explosives. The first affair of that kind is coeval with the beginning of this century, and is known in history as the "Explosion of the Rue Saint Nicaise." Curiously enough, it was not the work of Italians. It was the work of Jean François, alias Corbon, and of his fellow-Chouans, all of whom wanted to get rid of Bonaparte, who then was only First Consul. The plot of Corachi and Arena—the Italians are never far away—to stab Bonaparte in his box at the theatre, had failed a few months previously. Thereupon Corbon and his fellow-plotters arranged a cask tightly filled with powder and ball, and to which was attached a gun-barrel with its hammer and trigger, but minus its butt-end.

The contrivance was placed on a rickety old cart with a decrepit small horse or pony in its shafts, and was guarded by a child. The vehicle and its contents stood in the direct road of the Consul's carriage, but his escort removed it, apparently most gently, for the explosion occurred a few seconds after the Consul's conveyance had passed. There had been a miscalculation as to time, and the boy guardian was shattered to pieces. Italian conspirators have never had any qualms of conscience with regard to useless bloodshed. The projectile might kill or maim others than those whose real or alleged misdeeds they, the regicides, professed to avenge; that was no concern of theirs. It was partly the fault of the cringing slaves who lined the route of Kings to cheer them as they went; and partly the fault of the tyrants themselves for not holding themselves easy of access by dispensing with armed escorts.

The Russian Nihilists, the French Anarchists, especially some of the latter who aim at spreading terror by wholesale destruction rather than at the taking of the life of one man, have all been to school with the Italians whose names are Fieschi, Orsini, Gomez, and Pieri, and it is with these four names that I am mainly concerned this week, for I have no intention to dwell on those of Ceisaro, Lucchini, Spido, or Bresci. I am fond of wandering into the bypaths of history, and the reader will probably be better pleased to be shown some sidelight connected with regicides than to be supping full with horrors.

On Jan. 14, 1858, Napoleon III. was proceeding to the Opera, and had nearly reached its entrance when his life was attempted by Orsini and his confederates. The slaughter around the Emperor's carriage was terrible, but he himself had not a scratch, although a bullet from the projectile had gone through his hat. This was his fourth hairbreadth escape from the assassin in ten years. Napoleon III. was not a coward, in spite of all that has been said, but as the reports of the killed and wounded were successively brought to him, he began to compare the havoc wrought that night with the loss of life and limb produced by Fieschi's attempt on Louis Philippe's life on the Boulevard du Temple in July 1835. The latter was the less terrible, and he came to the not unnatural conclusion that the width of the respective streets was responsible for the difference. The Boulevard du Temple is wider than the Cromwell Road; the Rue Le Pelletier is not as wide as Bond Street.

Napoleon III. was sufficiently familiar with the tactics of secret societies, and, above all, of secret societies not deterred in their aim by scruples with regard to murder, to know that of all State pageants a gala representation offered the chance of their homicidal designs. A figure on horseback moving in plain daylight is not so good a target for a projectile or even a simple pistol-bullet as a man imprisoned in a more or less cumbersome carriage, necessarily advancing at a slow pace, and sometimes stopping altogether. That night he came to the decision that the Opera, at any rate, should be located in a spot the width and proportion of which would reduce the risk of future attempts to himself, his followers, and the subjects assembled on his route. That night there sprang up in the Emperor's mind the idea of the magnificent Paris Opera House, with its spacious approaches; for though the site on which the Opera House stands had been mapped out for clearing two years previously, there was no suggestion until after that night of using the site for that purpose.

I feel positively certain of all this, though I could not advance proof in support of my contention. The space to be cleared was originally intended as either the head or the end of a long and very wide avenue, uninterrupted, connecting the Tuileries (by means of the Place du Carrousel) with the then scarcely begun Boulevard Haussmann and the projected arteries towards the north, the north-west, and north-east of the capital. Thus, after all, Paris owes one of the finest of her architectonic features to a regicidal attempt.

CHESS.

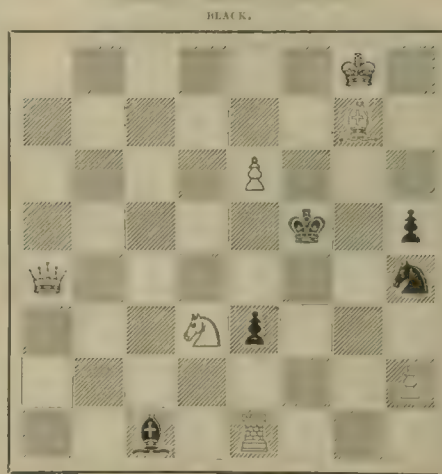
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
C. BURNETT.—It shall be examined, and we trust to be able to publish it.
C. E. P. (Kensington).—There is no mistake, the diagram is quite correct, but you have not found the right attack.
H. A. SALWAY (Hampstead).—We are much obliged for your further contribution, which shall be carefully considered.
Mrs. W. J. HARRIS.—Thanks for communication.
W. BROAD.—Glad to hear from you again. It looks well on the diagram, and we hope it will prove sound.
W. H. GUNDEY.—There is another solution to your problem by 1. Kt to Q. B 7th (dis. ch., etc. Have we another of yours in hand?
G. A. TINGLEY (British Guiana).—Your previous letter did not reach us. The enclosure strikes us as being very neat, and if it stands the test of examination, it shall appear.
A. E. BROWN.—Most obliged.
GEORGE DEVEY FARMER (Amesbury, Ontario).—Thanks for new problem. We hope to publish one of your compositions at no distant date.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2038 received from H. H. VAN NORDER, Capt. T. J. OF N. 23rd and 2352 from H. B. GILMAN (London, Ontario); of No. 2034 from W. M. KELLY (Worthing); of No. 2035 from W. P. K. (Hilton, Hermit, J. D. Tucker (Hilkey), W. M. KELLY (Worthing), A. B. BAXTER (Naim), J. Bailey, and W. H. Lunn (Hilkeyham).
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2038 received from W. H. SILK (Moseley), Martin F. H. WORTERS (Canterbury), Robert Rogers (Stratford), Howard K. J. D. Tucker (Hilkey), Miss D. Grogan, F. W. Moore (Brighton), F. Dalby, G. R. BULLINGHEAD Johnson (Kilham), Alpha, H. S. Brandreth (Bavaria), and Edith Corser.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2038.—By THE REV. J. JEFFERSON.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to R 8th Any move
2. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2038.—By H. COLLINGS.



WHITE. BLACK.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN PARIS.

Game played in the Tournament between MESSRS. MAROCZY and MARCO.

(King Lopez).

WHITE (Mr. Maroczy).	BLACK (Mr. Marco).	WHITE (Mr. Maroczy).	BLACK (Mr. Marco).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	26. R takes R	Q to K 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	27. B to Q 4th	B takes B
3. B to K 5th	P to Q B 3rd	28. Q takes B	Q to K 4th
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	29. Q to B 5th	Q to K 3rd
5. Castles	Kt takes P	30. R to Q 4th	
6. P to Q 4th	P to Q K 4th		
7. P to R 3rd	P to Q 4th		
8. P to Q R 4th			
An unknown move at this point. It is usual to continue P takes P. But this is one of the variations most productive of unexpected lines of play.			
9. R takes P	R takes P	31. R to R sq	R to K 2nd
10. P takes K P	B to K 3rd	32. Q to Q 4th (ch)	Q to K 3rd
11. P to B 3rd	B to B 4th	33. R to R 7th	R takes R
12. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Castles	34. Q takes R (ch)	Q to B 2nd
13. B to B 2nd	Kt takes Kt	Black would have done better not to exchange Queens, having better drawing chances with Queens on the board.	
14. Q takes Kt	Q to Q 2nd	35. Q takes Q (ch)	K takes Q
15. P to Q K 4th	B to K 2nd	36. P to K Kt 4th	B to K 5th
16. R to K sq	P to B 3rd	37. P to K B 4th	K to K 3rd
17. Q to R 5th	P to K Kt 3rd	38. K to R 2nd	K to Q 3rd
18. B to R 3rd	K R to K sq	39. K to K 3rd	P to Q B 4th
19. R to K 3rd	P takes P	40. R to Q sq	P to K 8th
20. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt	41. B to K 2nd	P to Q 5th (ch)
21. R takes Kt	P to Q B 3rd	42. B takes P	P takes K P
22. R (K 5) to K sq		43. B takes P	P to R 7th
A fairly level game up to this point. White White is threatened with B to K 3rd.			
23. B to K 2nd	B to B 3rd	44. B to Q 3rd	B to R 7th
24. Q to Q 2nd	B to K 4th	45. B to B 4th	
25. P to K 3rd	R takes R		

The result of the game competition for ladies in the *Leisure Hour*, played during the current year, is as follows: In the first three days, being devoted between Mrs. W. J. Baird, Mrs. Egan, and Miss Fox.

On the banks of the Manchester Ship Canal will shortly be erected a new factory for the purpose of developing certain patents for improving the illuminating power of petroleum and paraffin oils, and making them absolutely non-explosive and free from smell. The world's "rights" in this process have been secured by the Bagnall Company; and recent practical tests of its value and efficiency have, it is asserted, satisfied the experts who witnessed the experiments. If this be so, something like a revolution in the world's oil commerce is imminent. It is gratifying that the promised boon should "come from Manchester," the home of so many benefits to industry.

The summer train service of the Midland Railway Company is, as usual, wonderfully complete. New corridor trains with dining cars (first and third class) and new sleeping-cars are now running on the express services between London and Glasgow and Edinburgh. An improved service with through carriages is afforded from London to Glasgow, and a daylight service throughout will be given during August to Rothsay. Family saloons, invalid-carriages, and engaged compartments can be arranged on application. Special time-table folders, giving full particulars of the Scotch service, also tourist programmes and illustrated guides, may be had at all Midland stations and agencies.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

It has often been remarked that there is literally no end to the fields of research in which "star-eyed Science" seeks the objects of her studies, and if any confirmation of this sage opinion be required, I think we shall find it in the shape of the fact that the nursery has been invaded by the biologist in search of clues to the evolution of the race. Herr Baby, in fact, has grown to be a very important personage in the world of science. The child is regarded as father to the man in a sense far more literal than ever poet dreamt of. It is a maxim of science that in the development of the individual we see a panoramic changing picture of the evolution of its race.

A frog is first a fish, then a newt, and finally attains to the dignity of long hind legs, a disappearance of gills, and a loss of tail—this last a guarantee of advance in quarters of the world of life much more aristocratic than those harbouring the frogs. As the frog passes through these stages before our eyes, the biological panorama takes us back to the fish ancestor from which the newts were evolved, and to the final emergence of the frogs from their lower newt cousins. If frog-development means anything at all, it means this much. Otherwise, with Darwin, we must think that Dame Nature is intent on deceiving us, or, in school-boy parlance, that she is "having larks"—a proceeding entirely incompatible with the dignity, wisdom, and sobriety of conduct of the personality in question.

Fond mothers will grow fonder of their little cherubs surely, when they learn how Herr Baby's innocent little ways (for which, by the way, he is not in any sense responsible) are clues to the emergence of his race from the purely animal background that has left its impress very markedly upon us still. The nursery will become a temple of learning to the mother who can feel an interest in baby's ways beyond the mere details of its nice frocks, its ribbons, its ivory tooth-tickler, and its feeding-bottle. She will require a little spice of philosophy (not difficult, surely, to be acquired in these days of female M.A.s and M.D.s) to enable her to reconcile herself to seeing in Herr Baby a little replica of lower life, and even of certain traits to be particularly observed in one of the largest and most interesting houses of the Zoo.

But the philosophic mind will soon get to think of our quadrumanous poor relatives as really interesting animals. If we do see in our own infantile days features that remind us of the monkey-house (certain of the said features persist even to school-days, as we all know), then, as a sage remarks, it should really gratify us all the more to reflect that we have attained something far beyond nut-cracking as an ideal pursuit. The American who, having sampled a little old Scotch whisky, and who, liking it, said he felt "another man," and that, therefore, he was "bound to treat that other man," presents in parable form the case of the baby and evolution. The baby becomes a man, and we feel bound to treat that man—with respect.

From Darwin onwards we have had quite a number of distinguished men devoting their attention to baby's ways and works. Baldwin, Robinson, and Buckman have done good work in this direction, and have placed on record many graphic accounts of infant doings. Baby, they tell us—and we can see the fact for ourselves—is at first a quadruped in the manner of his gait. He walks on all fours, using his hands and knees. He could not walk upright if he tried, because his spine does not develop the specially human curves till the need arises for him to get up on his hind legs and become the "featherless biped" of the classic naturalist. But if Herr Baby's legs are not his strong point, his arms are. Dr. Louis Robinson set babies soon after birth to hang by their hands from a rope or stick. The power of clinging was remarkable, considering the age of the children. They stuck to their ropes with an assiduity that was surprising, and that reflects clearly our tree-living ancestry, when to grasp your bough firmly was a needful condition of safety—as it is to-day in that respectable department of the Zoo already indicated.

If you look at Herr Baby's hands you will find them mostly in a semi-clasped state, always ready for action as it were, in the reflection of the arboreal habits of his ancestry. And if you look at his legs you will see in his bent knees an adaptation necessary for a four-footed being, but decidedly derogatory to a biped. We all know what bent knees imply in the human adult, and we are sorry for it. When Herr Baby picks up anything—Mr. Buckman has photographed him in his night-shirt picking up a flower-pot—he does not lift it straight away, as he will do later on. He catches the rim of the pot between his little fingers and his palm, and in a very awkward fashion raises it to his mouth. Everything, by the way, does go to the mouth in the early stages; wise Madre Natura knows the importance of encouraging the commissural department in early life. The grasp of the baby is the grasp of the arboreal being, and in Mr. Buckman's photograph the hand which is free is clasped also, just as in the ancestral days Herr Baby's fore-back progenitor may have slung himself by the one hand from his branch, while he fed himself with the other.

As for baby's toes, well, every mother knows the high mobility of the big toes, a mobility which disappears when we put our feet to the ground and become bipeds. But that mobile big toe is seen in its full development in the Zoo to-day, and doubtless it was just as useful to our progenitors. Even when Herr Baby grows a big boy, and goes after birds' eggs, it is possible, mind, I only say possible, he is repeating an ancestral trait. Our quadrumanous friends are good on eggs, and suck eggs with the avidity with which an adult goes after honey—which is saying much. Then when we grow up, we do not quite lose our ancestral traits. When you fall into the sea, and can't swim, why do you throw up your arms instead of quickly floating on your back? Because you come from a tree-climbing race, whose instinct is always to reach up for things; and so you drown because you can't quite get rid of the family habit.

T H E . N A V A L M A N Œ U V R E S .

Sketch by Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright, our Special Artist with "B" Fleet.



H.M.S. "HOWE" STEAMING HEAD TO WIND.

A very slight head sea causes a ship of the "Howe" class to dip heavily. No one can stand on the fore part of the vessel, and often the after deck cannot be used.

NITRATE OF SODA AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.



THE NITRATE TROPHY.

Occupying the larger portion of the Pavillon des Engrais, on the outskirts of the Section of Agriculture—Class 35 of the vast show—is the exhibit of the Permanent Nitrate Committee, the representatives in Europe of the nitrate industry of Chile. The nature of the exhibit may best be described by saying that it affords a synopsis of the history of nitrate of soda from the moment of its extraction from the Pampas of Chile to that of its lodgment in the tissues of the plants whose nitrogenous food it supplies. The display is at once scientific and eminently practical in character and educational in tendency.

Starting with numerous specimens, various in colour and degrees of richness, of "caliche," the raw material from which nitrate of soda is refined by a process of lixiviation, the exhibit next presents to us a model of one of the great oficinas, or nitrate works, some eighty of which, representing invested capital to the amount of upwards of ten millions sterling, are scattered over the Pampas. Successively we have brought before us samples of the ordinary nitrate of commerce, containing 95 per cent. of nitrate of soda—which is chiefly used as an agricultural fertiliser—and of the "refined nitrate," used

in the manufacture of chemicals and explosives, and containing 96 per cent. and upwards of nitrate of soda.

Covering the walls are photographs representing, in contrast, various crops grown with and without the aid of applications of nitrate of soda and other chemical manures; likewise numerous other illustrations, all tending to enforce the lesson of the immense value to agriculture of this product of the rainless deserts of the northern provinces of Chile.

The principal feature of the central trophy, which figures in our illustration, is the pyramid of cubes representing the volume of the exports of nitrate of soda from

Chile in each decade from 1830. In that year they were only 800 tons, in 1840 they rose to 10,000 tons, reaching 223,559 tons in 1880, capping the million in 1890, and attaining to 1,380,002 tons in 1899. These figures are inscribed on opposite faces of the pyramid, whilst on two sides of the lowest cube are given those of the world's imports of nitrate of soda in 1899, which afford an idea of the extent to which the several countries employ this source of nitrogen and nitric acid. They are the following—

	Tons.
Germany	501,090
France	261,780
United States .. .	155,000
Belgium	153,570
United Kingdom ..	125,870
Holland	89,330
Italy	13,350
South Africa .. .	11,800
Spain and Portugal ..	10,000
Sandwich Islands ..	6,738
Sweden	4,950
Austria	3,100
British Columbia ..	2,107
Other countries .. .	33,555
Total	1,312,550

At the four angles of the base of the trophy stand typical figures of a Chilean miner, a French farmer, a

with pretensions, an imposing sea-frontage, public buildings, the brightly hued cupola of a cathedral, a custom-house. Close at hand, in the roadstead, a number of large ships, lying in regular tiers, full-rigged barques, three-masted schooners, one large four-master. Steam tugs plying with lighters in tow between the shore and ships, factory-chimneys giving out abundance of smoke, and a well-defined line of railway striking from a mass of great magazines and workshops, right up the side of the mountain, the summit of which was hidden by the clouds, behind the city. . . . Iquique, Pisagua, and the other ports in the rainless region of the Chilean coast and their dependent populations on the Pampas, extending from 19 deg. to 27 deg., are unique in the nature of their relations to the world. They tax the resources of all parts of the earth, and in return they sell that which enriches exhausted fields, and gives fresh life to the worn-out agricultural lands of Europe."

Again Sir William Howard Russell—and it must be remembered that this was written before the Tarapaca Water Works had laid down mains from Pica on the west of the Tamarugal Pampa to supply Iquique: "No doubt the sandy plain could be made to teem with vegetation if the supply of water and of labour were adequate, but for the present, at all events, the 20,000 people living on the

out of all proportion with the rest of the scene. The inhabitants live like persons on board of ship. Every necessary is brought from a distance; water is brought in boats from Pisagua, about forty miles by water, and is sold at the rate of 4s. 6d. an eighteen-gallon cask. Very few animals can be maintained in such a place. I hired with difficulty, at the high price of £4, two mules and a guide to take me to the nitrate-of-soda works. These are at present the support of Iquique."

Let us now quote these two renowned travellers as to the aspect of the nitrate-fields themselves.

Sir W. H. Russell writes: "We are on the plains—the 'Pampas'—at last, but as yet the view is limited. The sea is invisible; on the right there is the railway embankment and sandhills; on the left a rough waste of greyish-red earth, bounded by a line of hills to the east. Assuredly there is nothing to charm the eye in the scenery around us. I remember nothing like it save the bed of the Bitter Lakes at Ismailia, before M. de Lesseps opened the flood-gates and let in the sea-water on the basin of salt and sand. The description of Darwin in 1835 will apply to what we gaze on to-day—

"The appearance of the country was remarkable from being covered with a thick crust of common salt, and of a stratified saliferous alluvium, which seems to



A SIDE VIEW OF THE INSTALLATION.

gardener, and a chemist. These statues, of more than life size, possess considerable artistic merit, having been modelled in the school of M. Dens, the well-known architect of the Théâtre Flamande at Antwerp, and under his personal direction.

An emblematic figure of the Republic of Chile surmounts the trophy; the Chilean blazon, the national Condor (or Eagle), and the device "*Por la razón ó la fuerza*" are prominent in the ornamentation of the installation, whilst the world-wide extension of the organisation for propagating the knowledge of the great nitrogenous fertiliser is brought into evidence by the ample supplies of brochures, containing instructions for its application to the most varied crops, in French, English, German, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Russian, Polish, and Hungarian.

In a recess, elegantly draped and surmounted by the arms of Chile, are displayed the medals and diplomas awarded to nitrate exhibits at former Expositions, and on a table in the centre are two sumptuously bound albums containing about a hundred admirably executed photographs of the nitrate works and ports. Prominent among the latter is a panoramic view of Iquique, which recalls Sir William Howard Russell's graphic description: "Iquique at last! The veil of cloud or vapour drifting upwards revealed what I was not prepared to see—a town

shore receive the means of life and provisions for its wants and luxuries by sea. With money in your purse, there is very little you can desire which you cannot buy in Iquique. Day after day the wonder of this artificial existence was at work under our eyes, but it was only on reflection that its strangeness struck you; and that you were led in a vague way to think what would happen if water and food failed, if the condensers and steamers ceased to work owing to want of coal, and if the provision-stores gave out; and to recognise that this town has literally struggled on through flood and fire, for it has been nearly swept away by tidal waves, shaken down by earthquakes, and converted into blackened ashes by conflagrations."

It is interesting to contrast with Russell's description, written in 1889, that of Darwin when he visited Iquique in the *Beagle* in 1835. He says: "The town contains about one thousand inhabitants, and stands in a little plain of sand at the foot of a great wall of rock, 2000 feet high, here forming the coast. The whole is utterly a desert. A light shower of rain falls only once in very many years; the ravines are consequently covered with detritus, and the mountain-sides covered with piles of fine white sand, even to a height of 1000 ft. During July a heavy bank of clouds stretches over the ocean; it seldom rises above these walls of rocks on the coast. The aspect of the coast is most gloomy. The little port, with its few houses, seemed overwhelmed, and

have been deposited as the land slowly rose above the level of the sea. The salt is white, very hard and compact; it occurs in water-worn nodules projecting from the agglutinated sand, and is associated with much gypsum. The appearance of this superficial mass very closely resembled that of a country after snow, before the last dirty patches are thawed. The existence of this crust of a soluble substance over the whole face of the country shows how extraordinarily dry the climate must have been for a long period."

"The simile is excellent. The plain was exactly like a field covered with the 'dirty patches' of snow which are left by a thaw in level country at home."

The album, which we have mentioned above as forming an interesting feature of the exhibit, contains also excellent views of the other nitrate ports—Pisagua, Junin, Caleta Buena, Tocopilla, Antofagasta, and Taltal—besides photographs of the oficinas, the different stages of manufacture, life in the "camp," groups of Chinaman, &c.

The Nitrate Association of Propaganda has prepared its representatives in Europe, although not trading bodies, are eminently business-like in their methods. Each inquiring visitor has presented to him a neat package containing sufficient nitrate of soda of standard purity to enable him to test its virtues on his garden, his orchard, his paddock or even in his greenhouse or conservatory.

LADIES' PAGE.

Once more has the inexorable hand of Death laid a weight of grief upon the loving heart of our good Queen. How sudden was the end in Coburg is shown by the fact that but a week or two ago the Duchess was in London greeting her many friends at the royal garden-party and making them known to her youngest daughter in Society; but that the Duke was very ill was also a fully recognised and known fact, so that the shock was in some degree prepared for in the Queen's mind. It is touching to remember that Prince Alfred, as a child, was the stoutest and healthiest of the royal children. Lady Canning tells prettily how proud the then young Queen was to find that Prince Alfred was much larger and heavier than the keeper's boy at Balmoral of precisely the same age; and Lord John Russell, writing in 1848 to his wife, said: "I do not envy the Queen anything she has except the rosy cheeks of Prince Alfred; our poor boy is so different." The sad event is a reminder of how few grandsons the Queen has left in the direct male line; and in Coburg, as in too many other places, the absurd restriction of inheritance to the male children may easily operate to deprive the people of rulers of the good stock of the Queen and Prince



VASE PRESENTED TO EARL DE LA WARR.

This handsome vase is wrought in sterling silver, beautifully frosted and parcel gilt, the interior also being richly gilded. The design is practically a replica from the antique, taken from the original, now in the British Museum. The arms of Earl De La Warr are beautifully engraved on the vase, which also bears the inscription: "Presented to the Right Hon. Earl De La Warr, D.L.J.P., by the town people of Bexhill-on-Sea on the occasion of his return from the South African Campaign, June 26th, 1900." The work was carried out by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, her Majesty's Silversmith.

skilled class of women to work at such trades as they can follow was placed at the discretion of the Home Secretary—another phrase for the permanent clerks of the Home Department. To give a "Bureau" the absolute power of saying what trades shall be considered too dangerous for women to be employed in, what length their working-day shall be, and during what hours of the twenty-four alone they shall be employed, is too dangerous. The poor, who have nothing in the world except their power to labour for wages, ought not to be subject to the capricious action of a State department in regard to their freedom to work. A good illustration of the injury possible to be done to women workers in the first place, and next to the country, as a consequence of arbitrary interference with their hours and conditions of labour, was supplied by a deputation that waited on the Home Secretary specially to plead that the Irish dairy industry should be preserved from the possibility of being declared, under this Bill, to be subject to the factory laws at the whim of the Home Secretary for the time being. The Danes have largely superseded our own people in the supply of butter to the English market. This is chiefly because co-operation has been applied to the Danish dairy industry; the milk of many farms is systematically collected daily, and taken to a factory, where the latest appliances are provided for its treatment in bulk, resulting in the production of butter of a combined excellence and cheapness that the small individual producer cannot accomplish. This factory dairy system is being introduced into Ireland; and the deputation went to pray that the Irish dairymen should be freed from the peril of being arbitrarily forbidden to go to work early and to return to work late, as the milking-times require, or on Sundays, when the unreasoning cows will persist in giving their milk, and the milk will go sour if untreated, just as on secular days. Were factory laws applied in this trade, the women must be excluded from it by the operation of these

natural laws, causing immediate distress among the workers, and ultimately an impossibility of producing Irish butter at prices to compete with Danish.

The new travelling-coats, I find, are being best worn in three-quarter length. The orthodox full-length coat is not lacking, but it is really desperately heavy and needlessly hot, however light the material. The present closely fitting dress-sleeve has almost ousted the loose mantle from favour; most of the travelling-wraps are coats, not cloaks, whether the material be of the light dust-cloak variety or the more solid wrap intended to prevent chill on the deck of a yacht at evening-tide or in night-train journeys. A rather warm wrap is needed, even in hot weather, on such occasions. Warm dressing is required, too, at the higher Swiss stations; even when the days are scorchingly hot, as soon as the sun goes down the altitude is felt and makes the air very chill. The eternal snows indicate that fact, but many people going to live for a while on the heights do not realise it till sharp experience teaches them. The first time I went to stop at a hotel 8000 ft. above sea-level, I was unaware of the necessity to wrap up, and after panting with heat in the sunshine, I really suffered from the cold at sunset, or an hour or two earlier, for want



A CASINO DRESS IN MUSLIN AND LACE.

Albert's line. It depends wholly now on the life and future marriage of the young Duke of Albany. Why cannot the late Duke's own daughter succeed to his throne, as his grandmother ascended the throne of her fathers to bless her people by her goodness and devotion?

London was absolutely unprepared for the recent great heat. Sun-blinds are few, and the jealousies by which the windows of Paris are uniformly protected to keep out the sun's rays while admitting plenty of air and a modicum of light are almost unknown in our town windows. The only remedy for the afternoon's insufferable scorching sun was to stop indoors and make abundant use of such a refreshing perfume as "Florida Water," which is so moderately priced as to be available for lavish scattering, and which, when freely sprinkled over the carpets and used to bathe the face, gives a sense of coolness that the thermometer belies. Tea in Kensington Gardens suddenly became a most fashionable function, and was followed by boating on the Serpentine in the early cool of the evening. The very few outdoor restaurants in and near town, such as the Welcome Club at the Earl's Court Exhibition and Ranelagh, were crowded to excess. But just as we were thus learning to accommodate ourselves to a really hot summer, the coolness returned—a boon in itself, but tiresome in its inconsistency.

There have been several Bills brought before Parliament this Session in which the interests of women were concerned; but all, I think, have been withdrawn. The most important, perhaps, was the new Factory Bill, which was objectionable in its principles, as well in its provisions, to such a degree that its failure to pass is generally hailed with satisfaction. The objection to its principles was the extent to which the power of the poorer and less



MULTIPLEX CLOCK FOR THE SHAH.

Quite a unique clock has just been made for the Shah of Persia. It shows not only the Persian time, but the times in twelve other cities of the world. Thus his Imperial Majesty is enabled to see at a glance London or Paris time, as compared with that of the capital of his dominions. The centre dial, which is the largest, shows Teheran time, whilst the smaller dials show the times at Yokohama, Washington, Yokohama, Bombay, Samarkand, Constantinople, Vienna, Rome, Berlin, Paris, St. Petersburg, and London. All the figures on the dials are in Persian characters, including the names of the various cities, and each dial is mounted in a very handsome ornate frame, richly engraved. The whole work was entrusted to Benson's, the clockmakers, of Ludgate Hill.



A CASINO DRESS OF MUSLIN WITH VELVET BANDS.

of a substantial cloak to don; the chill from the overhanging ice and snow begins as soon as the sun declines. This observation is not without application even to Scotland, where the penetrating mists on the moors at times make a wrap essential. A golf-cape has the great advantage that it can be hung from the shoulders by its straps until it is wanted, but a three-quarter jacket is smarter and more fashionable. A good wrap is made in the Inverness shape of cloak, leaving the arms so nicely free as it does, and not overweighting the trimmings of the dress yoke.

While sweet simplicity is the true note for river and seaside dress, there is no reason why pretty ties and fichus should not decorate the general effect. There are any number of charming possibilities in this direction. A double collar, the upper one of a dark shade, and the lower one showing only as a border beneath, is a good finish to a sailor blouse; and white satin is not too fine for the slight piece shown round the edge, even if the dress be serge. Linen and muslin collars are also available, and the ubiquitous lace in the shape of edgings or long ties can accompany flannel with perfect suitability. Glacé silk makes excellent "stock" ties and bows, edged with lace; while fichus are becoming in muslin and lace on print and batiste gowns. These little accessories make an otherwise plain dress quite dainty. Crêpe-de-Chine is excellent for afternoon stock ties and bows; and a transparent neck-band of lace with crêpe bow and ends in front is a good finish for a muslin frock. I find red linen is very popular wear, and it needs to be relieved with a good deal of white about the throat for most people's wear. Irish crochet is much employed for collars by French modistes. Casino dresses in muslin are illustrated; the one of spotted muslin mixed with lace, the other with lace insertions and velvet bands.

PHLOMENA.

'DUTY is the Demand of the Passing Hour.' —GOETHE.

THE VICTORIA ERA IS UNPARALLELED IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD FOR ITS PURITY, GREATNESS, AND GOODNESS.

"Who best can suffer, best can do."—MILTON.

What alone enables us to draw a just moral from the tale of life?

"Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the Tale of Life; what sheds the purest light upon our reason; what gives the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to soften the heart of man and elevate his soul, I would answer, with Lassus, it is 'EXPERIENCE'."—LORD LYTTON.

TO LIVE IN THE HEARTS WE LEAVE BEHIND IS NOT TO DIE.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

His life was gentle, and the elements so mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the world,

"This was a man."—SHAKESPEARE.

"I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom," he was able to say. He loved Manliness, Truth, and Justice. He despised all Trickery and Selfish Greed . . . "Let us have faith that right makes right." . . . Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend or foe. Benevolence and Forgiveness were the basis of his character. HIS NATURE WAS DEEPLY RELIGIOUS, but belonged to no denomination. ARCHITECT of his own fortunes, mastering every emergency, fulfilling every duty. As Statesman, Ruler, and Liberator. CIVILISATION WILL HOLD HIS NAME IN PERPETUAL HONOUR.—Col. J. C. NICOLAY, *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

THE DAWN OF FREEDOM!

LINCOLN'S ALLEGORY of the SHORN LAMB.

LINCOLN and
HUMAN HAPPINESS

A Moral.

"By the way, a fine example was presented on board the boat in which I was travelling for contemplating the effect of condition upon human happiness. A gentleman had purchased twelve negroes in different parts of Kentucky, and was taking them to a farm in the South. They were chained six and six together, a small iron clevis was around the left wrist of each, and this fastened to the main chain by a shorter one, at a convenient distance from the others, so that the negroes were strung together precisely like so many fishes upon a trot-line. In this condition they were being SEPARATED FOR EVER from the SCENES OF THEIR CHILDHOOD, THEIR FRIENDS, THEIR FATHERS and MOTHERS, and BROTHERS and SISTERS, and many of them from THEIR WIVES and CHILDREN, and GOING INTO PERPETUAL SLAVERY, where the LASH of the MASTER is PROVERBIAL MORE RUTHLESS and UNRELENTING THAN ANY OTHER—WHERE;



A TEAR!

The Drying up of a single Tear has more of honest fame than Shedding Seas of Gore.—BYRON.

and yet AMID THESE DISTRESSING CIRCUMSTANCES, as we would think them, THEY WERE the MOST CHEERFUL and APPARENTLY HAPPY CREATURES ON BOARD. One, whose offence for which he had been sold was an OVER-FONDNESS for his WIFE, played the FIDDLE ALMOST CONTINUALLY, and THE OTHERS DANCED, SANG, CRACKED JOKES, and PLAYED VARIOUS GAMES with CARDS from DAY to DAY.

"HOW TRUE it is that 'GOD TEMPER'S THE WIND to the SHORN LAMB.'"

(Extract of a letter by Lincoln, from "Abraham Lincoln, the Man of the People," by N. S. Hays.)

MORAL.—PERFECT HAPPINESS lies FIRST OF ALL in PERFECT HEALTH, and does not GRIEVE for the things which we HAVE NOT, but REJOICES for THOSE WHICH WE HAVE.

And such is human gliding on. It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone.

LOVE OF LIFE.

"'Tis Life, NOT Death, For which we pant;
More Life and Fuller, That we want!"—TENNYSON

THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies. Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in this Life.

O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

"'Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee."—STERNE.

THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AS

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—Sterling Homage of purpose. Without it Life is a Sham! 'A new invention is brought before the public and its success is assured. A series of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit.'—ADAMS.

The value of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it.

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease it has, in innumerable instances, PREVENTED what would otherwise have been a SERIOUS ILLNESS. The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' upon any DISORDERED and FEVERISH condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—See that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a worthless Imitation.

PREPARED ONLY BY J. C. ENO, LTD., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 15, 1895) of Mr. Walter Percy E. Esau, of 13, Hyde Park Gate, and Northbrook Park, near Exeter, who died at Florence on June 11, was proved on July 27 by Mrs. Constance Sladen, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate amounting to £365,694. The testator bequeaths all his property to his wife.

The will (dated May 26, 1896) of Mr. Henry Sidney Hammett Lacon, J.P., of Ormsby Hall, Great Yarmouth, who died on June 29, has been proved by Captain Ernest de Montesquoin Lacon, the brother, and Edmund Thomas Moore Teesdale, the executors, the value of the estate being £130,880. The testator gives £500, his wines and consumable stores, carriages and horses, and, during her widowhood, the use of Ormsby Hall and the furniture therein, and an annuity of £1500, to his wife, Mrs. Anna Lacon; £15,000 to his son Gordon Massey; £10,000 each, upon trust for his sons John Lacon, and his daughter Vere Valerie Florence Eleanor Lacon; £100 to his butler; an annuity of £100 to Nurse Amy Bulloch; and £100 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to apply the income for the maintenance and education of his children.

The will (dated March 7, 1900) of Mr. Frederick George Fenton, of 258, Upper Richmond Road, Putney, who died on May 25, was proved on July 20 by Frederick Fenton, the son, Fanny Fenton, the daughter, and Mary Ann Fenton, the niece, three of the executors, the value of the estate being £73,440. The testator bequeaths an annuity of £400 to his wife, and an annuity of £100 to his niece Mary Ann Fenton. Subject thereto he leaves all his property, upon trust, for his three children, Frederick, Fanny, and Florence Ruby.

The will (dated Nov. 2, 1896) of Major George Cockle, of Lyons Lodge, 9, Bolton Gardens, South Kensington,



A NEW DINING-CAR FOR THE EAST COAST SCOTCH EXPRESS.

The new sumptuously fitted Corridor Dining Trains belong to the Great Northern, North Eastern, and North British Railway Companies, and run during the day-time. Travellers to Scotland will now be able to discard the old-fashioned luncheon-basket, or the hurried meal at York, and indulge in an excellent repast at their leisure, while they are being whirled towards their destination. The same may, of course, be done by those travelling in the opposite direction. Food and service are both of the best, and the new trains should prove an immense boon. In addition to dining-cars, the train is made up of a number of carriages built either with side gangways or as open saloons, so that travellers preferring either style of carriage can suit themselves. Nothing has been left undone to ensure the complete comfort of the passengers.

and Truro Lodge, Ramsgate, who died on May 30, was proved on July 27 by Charles Moss Cockle, the brother, and Frederick James Draffen and Captain George Algernon Draffen, the nephews, three of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £97,271. The testator gives £1000 each to the children of his brother, Sir James Cockle; £100 to Lady Cockle; £1000 to his niece, Mary Imogen Cockle; £1200 each to his nephews P. J. Draffen and G. A. Draffen; annuities of £75 each to Emma Howlett, Jane Pittaway, and Charlotte

Brown; £1000, and £1000 upon trust, for his daughter Lucy Kathleen Wigham; £100 to Edward Fowler; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his children.

The will (dated April 6, 1890) of Captain Cortlandt Gordon Mackenzie, Royal Field Artillery, who died at De Aar on Jan. 24, was proved on July 25 by Mrs. Adela Holland Mackenzie, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £27,008. The testator

Pittaway; £500 to his sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Draffen; the income of £3000 to his brother John Cockle, for life; his residences in Bolton Gardens and Ramsgate, upon trust, for his brother Charles; and many small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, as to one moiety, upon trust, for his brother Charles Moss for life, and then as he shall appoint to his children, and the other moiety to Margaret Jennie Prince Pittaway.

The will (dated Sept. 27, 1897) of Miss Elizabeth Gower Stewart, of 5, Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, who died on May 10, was proved on June 28 by Mrs. Margaret Brenchley, the sister and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £48,441. The testatrix leaves all her property to her sister, Mrs. Brenchley.

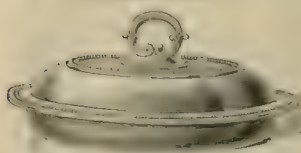
The will (dated Oct. 28, 1899) of Mr. Charles Brown, J.P., of Saintbridge House, near Gloucester, who died on April 27, was proved at the Gloucester District Registry on July 12 by Charles Edward Brown, the son, and Edward Fowler, the executors, the value of the estate being £30,774. The testator gives £1500 and his household furniture to his wife, Mrs. Lucy Anna Brown; £100 to his sister, Ann Devington Burt; £3000 each to his sons Charles Edward and Hubert Gossill; £1000, £1000 upon trust, and his freehold premises, 3, Bath Villas, Park Road, Gloucester, to his daughter Arabella Elizabeth

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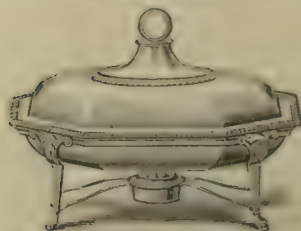
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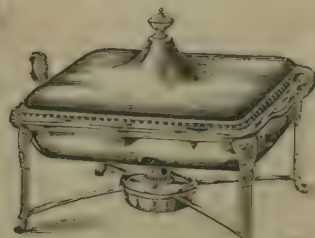
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*The Sikh and the Gurkha,
Both fighting men bold,
Can't box the Boxers
Without "Guinea-Gold."*

gives £100 and his household and domestic effects, carriages and horses, to his wife; £50 to his mother, Mrs. Anna Maria Graham; and £100 per annum to his aunt, Mrs. Gertrude M. Fraser. Having no children, he leaves the residue of his property, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then to his sister and brothers, Beatrice Annie Gordon Mackenzie, Henry Gordon Mackenzie, Hector Graham Gordon Mackenzie, and Frederick Gordon Mackenzie.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated April 21, 1898) of General Lord Mark Ralph George Kerr, K.C.B., of 12, Park Square, Glasgow, son of the late Marquis of Eglinton, who died on May 17, 1897, is granted to Lord Ralph Drury Kerr, the nephew, and Arthur Herbert Kerr, the accepting executors nominate, was rescinded in London on July 26, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £21,148.

The will of Mr. Arthur Fellowes, of Burwood, Rotherfield, Sussex, who died on May 8, has been proved by Mrs. Sarah Jane Fellowes, the widow, and Lord Donemile, the executors.



THE RAISING OF THE "IBER": THE VESSEL IN HARBOUR AT GUERNSEY.

The "Iber," which was run off Guernsey with a hole 17 feet long and with her plates damaged to the extent of 40 feet, has at last been raised, and is shown to have suffered otherwise no damage from her long immersion. When the seaweed, in which she had become embedded, was scraped off it was found to have preserved her panels intact and her paint clean.

the value of the estate being £21,974.

The will of General Henry Henry, U.S.I., Colonel Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, of 34, Evelyn Gardens, South Kensington, who died on April 4, has been proved by Mrs. Eleanor Annie Henny, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £17,462.

The will of Mr. Edwin Holborow Green King, of 30, Norfolk Square, Hyde Park, formerly of Netley Court, Netley, who died on June 26, was proved on July 21 by Mrs. Sophia King, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £12,752.

The will of Captain Bertram Charles Christopher Spencer Meeking, 10th Hussars, who died at Bloemfontein on April 16, son of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Meeking, of Richings Park, Bucks, has been proved by Mrs. Violet Charlotte Meeking, the widow, the value of the estate being £3161.

The London Diocesan Magazine announces that the new Dean of Exeter will be installed in his cathedral in the autumn, and that he will retain his designation of Bishop of Marlborough.

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Dull brasses, dull fire-irons, dull coppers, dull windows, dull glass-ware make home a depressing picture of dull surroundings. This is not mere fancy, but the picture of many a home in which the housewife is not acquainted with MONKEY BRAND.

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THE TWELFTH.

The prophet of the moors waxes confident on the approach of the Twelfth. Truth to say, if he knows his business at all, his is an easy task. The general weather conditions of the past winter and spring in the grouse regions are public knowledge, and any man of average observation can prognosticate from them the "prospects on the moors." For there is nothing irrational in the domestic economy of the grouse family. It would be wonderful indeed if frosts late in the hatching season did not thin the broods, wonderful if the young birds did not suffer from swamping rains. When the weather is not properly forward and food is scarce, grouse endure the pangs of starvation, precisely as would the prophets themselves if put upon short commons. There is the fell and more or less mysterious disease, of course. So that a very few particular details, added to the information that any man who cares may possess, will serve to furnish forth a first-class prophet of the Twelfth.

And, at any rate, what is predicted of this season does not matter now, for every day discovers the events themselves. The Twelfth has come and has gone. The great pilgrimage of St. Grouse has swept North. Only the echoes of it hang in the vaulted spaces of the Euston Road. Only the baggage of belated camp-followers cumbers the platforms at Perth. The votaries have already settled in their

quarters on their respective moors: some to renew pleasant associations of bygone seasons, others, on shootings which they have taken without seeing them, to prove how far the reality matches the glowing picture in the agent's list. If any, like Sir Benjamin Brodie, have had tumble-down farmhouses imposed on them for Highland castles, we hope they were able to stop their cheques in time. Many, through nobody's fault, are disappointed already; many more, we hope, are destined to find the bag swelling beyond their most sanguine expectations. For although, as we have said, the condition of the birds follows rationally from the climatic conditions of the season they have passed through, still it is a varied and complex fight that has been going on in each individual nest during these past months of isolation. Out there on the tufted knoll, where the heather-sprays screen the deep-brown, black-spotted eggs, the shy birds have opposed a score of enemies: rains and frosts and thunderstorms and bitter winds, the fox, the falcon, the voracious crow, the shepherd and the shepherd's dog, the insidious microbe of the disease. No wonder that there is anxiety as to the result, or an eagerness to enjoy it when the process of these months of darkness and silence, like a seed in the ground, bursts through into flower!

It is curious that the interest in the Twelfth should be so widespread. Apart from those who are deeply concerned, not only as sportsmen but also as lessees, the cost of whose grouse may very well mount up to a guinea a bird, there

is a whole population eagerly watching every movement of the grouse-shooting barometer. Naturally, the half-million of pounds paid in rents gives us some idea of the golden rain that is falling in the North of Scotland at this moment. But the number of those concerned in the grouse, for pleasure or for profit, is out of all proportion small in comparison with the number of those who profess, and apparently possess, interest in the killing of a bird that they may possibly have eaten, but certainly have never seen upon its native heath, and would not recognise if they did. Here, we will be told, is illustration afresh of the latent savagery of the English, which, according to an Italian visitor, comes out in the peaceful battues of peasants! There is certainly a spotting instinct in us that leads us to talk and think sport even if we do not participate in its practice. Though we have never handled a bat or trundled a ball, we can keep our end up very successfully in a conversation about Rhodes and Ranji and Foster. We do not need to be fishermen to expound the mysteries of the dry-fly. But there is more than this in the popularity of the Twelfth. There is an element far more incalculable in it. The Twelfth has "caught on," just as one novel in a thousand "catches on" for some reason, the secret of which publishers would give a fortune to acquire. You cannot account for it. You can only say that it is so, and that, from some inscrutable cause, the Twelfth is marked red in the popular calendar with the Royal Academy and the Derby and the May-fly rise.

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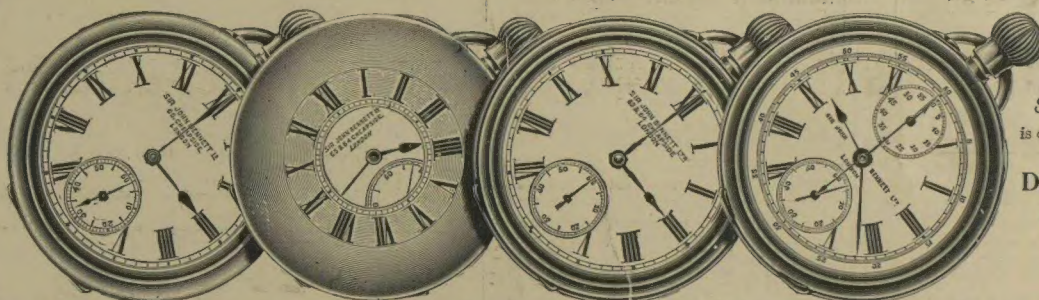
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And 13, GREAT TOWER STREET, E.C.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The services in the nave of Westminster Abbey have been remarkably successful this summer. Perhaps the largest congregation was that which assembled on the last Sunday evening in July, when Dean Paget was the preacher. The aged Dean of Westminster, whose health seems to be completely restored, read the lesson with such exquisite clearness of enunciation that every syllable could be heard even by the group which sat behind him near the Stanhope monument. The Dean of Christ Church was at his very best in the sermon; no written account, however detailed, could give an adequate idea of its beauty.

The many hundreds of American and Colonial visitors who attend the services at St. Paul's and the Abbey during August will be fortunate in hearing Canon Newbolt and

Canon Gore. August was one of Canon Liddon's three months of residence, and many of his finest sermons were preached to the holiday congregations at St. Paul's. On the first Sunday in August Canon Gore preached twice at the Abbey.

Dean Luckock, whose health broke down so completely last spring that his medical advisers insisted on several months' rest, has left Lichfield for Nantwich, where he will take the cure for some weeks. It is hoped that he may return in the autumn fully restored to his wonted strength.

Dr. Lorimer, the well-known American preacher, has had a slight breakdown in health owing to the heat of last month, and has gone to Leamington to recruit.

The Bishop of Bristol, like his predecessor, Dr. Ellicott, prefers Switzerland as a holiday haunt, and is going among

the mountains for September. His palace at Reiland Green will be ready for occupation at Christmas, by which time it is hoped that the workmen will also have finished with the new archiepiscopal palace at Canterbury.

A well-known Methodist member of Parliament informs me that this year's meeting of Conference has been exceptionally interesting. Burslem, though only 150 miles from London, seems much further, because the trains are slow, the 10.15 from Euston being timed to arrive at 2.37. The most interesting discussion was that on the Million Guinea Fund. Although the amount in hand does not much exceed £300,000 the promoters of this magnificent scheme are confident that the full amount will be in hand by the close of the year. Already the sum promised approaches £800,000.

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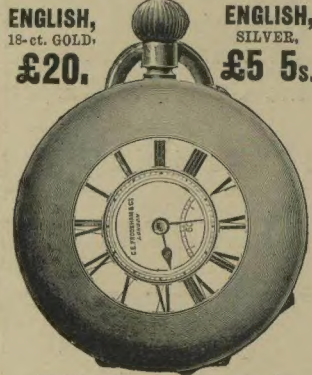
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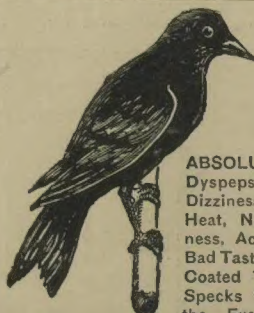
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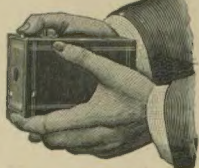
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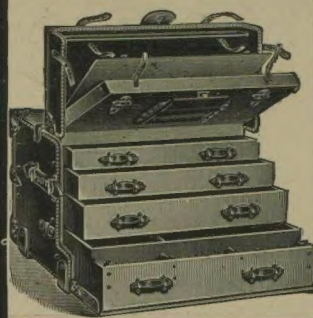
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